Vol 9 The War Illustrated Nº 224

SIXPENCE

and AFTERWARDS

JANUARY 18, 1946

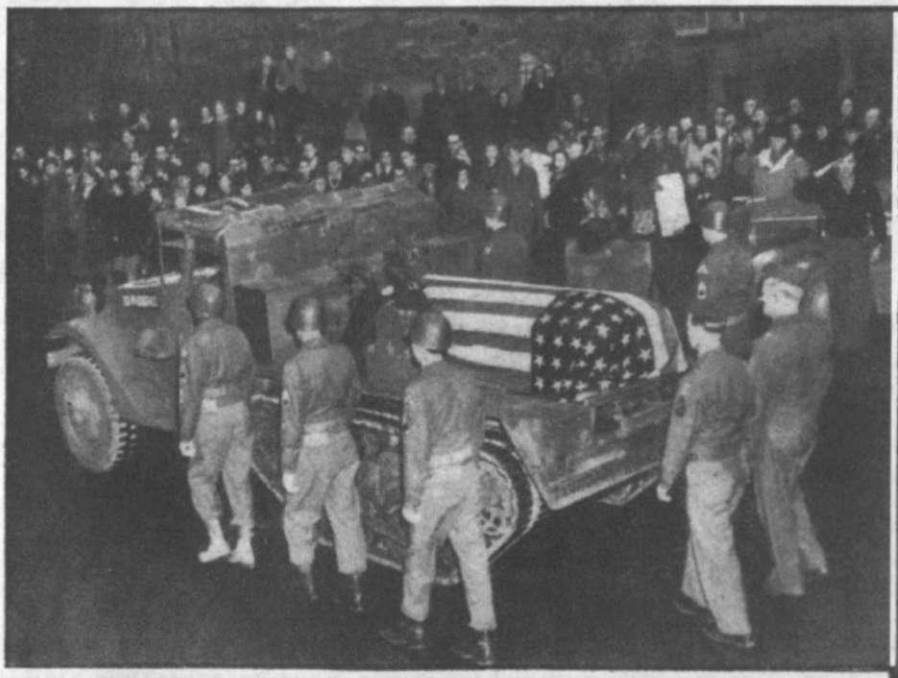
HOME FROM SEA at the turn of the year came thousands of eager men of the Royal Navy. This leading seaman, native of East London, set foot ashore at Chatham with an enormous "hand" of bananas supplementing his personal goods and chattels. The frigate H.M.S. Dovey, of whose company he was a member, arrived from West Africa on December 19, completing two and a half years' foreign service. See also pages 591-594.

Photo, Keystone

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

NO. 225 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1

Winter with the Occupation Armies in Germany



GENERAL GEORGE S. PATTON'S LAST JOURNEY—to the U.S. military cemetery at Hamm, Luxemburg, on December 24, 1945. The General, who died at Heidelberg following a motoring accident near Mannheim on December 9, was sixty years of age and led the U.S. 3rd Army in its swift advance through France into Germany in 1944. Nicknamed "Old Blood and Guts," he was in charge of the American attack on Casablanca in November 1942, and commanded the U.S. 7th Army in Sicily. Another American war-leader, Lt.-Gen. Alexander M. Patch, who commanded the U.S. 7th Army in S. France in 1944, died of pneumonia in Texas on November 21, 1945.

KIPPERS IN BERLIN were being served to our men from December 1945 onwards. Heralding their arrival, an A.T.S. corporal (1) pinned up the "Corporal Kipper" poster in the Winston Club. In the snow two R.A.F. police made friends (2) with young Berliners. Members of the A.T.S. in December were obliged to be accompanied by armed escort if venturing forth after dark (3). Display at Bonneberg of "Volkswagen" (4). These "People's Cars" were promised by Hitler but never delivered—though thousands had paid instalments on them. Under British direction the first cars were being produced early in December for use by the British Army.

Photos, I.N.A., Keystone

What is Happening in Java?

By JOSEPH TAGGART

TO countless people it came as a shock that British troops should again be engaged in warfare so soon after the defeat of Germany and Japan, when all our hopes were set upon the consummation of world-wide Peace. That our efforts should be, apparently, solely on behalf of the Dutch increased the general mystification. All is made clear in this article written by an expert specially for "The War Illustrated."

SINCE late September 1945 British troops have been fighting a sporadic, small-scale, most unpleasant war in the Netherlands East Indies islands, known collectively as Indonesia. British people are asking why. Why must men who have battled with the Germans and the Japanese now take up this jungle struggle to reinstate the Dutch in Java and Sumatra ?

There is a widespread notion that an unwelcome task was incontinently thrust upon Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten and the men of his command at the behest of Washington. The facts are neither so simple nor so uncomplimentary to the Americans.

If there is a villain in the piece it appears to have been the atomic bomb. The sudden collapse of Japan after Nagasaki left a number of military vacuums in the Far East, of which Indonesia was by far the largest.

This was the sequence of events—so far as it is known. Some time after the end of the war in Europe, London and Washington agreed to the transfer of a large part of General MacArthur's scattered command to S.E.A.C. This addition to British responsibilities was very great. It included all Indonesia, with a population of over 50,000.000 Indonesians and Chinese ; 50,000 Japanese troops, and 25,000 Japanese civilians. It covered 55,000 square miles of territory.

Interval's Fatal Consequences

The transfer officially took place on August 12, 1945. It then existed only on paper. The Allied leaders had planned "future but not immediate" amphibious operations on the largest scale to free these rich and thickly populated islands. Obviously the task of assembling troops, shipping, naval squadrons and air power for the main offensive would have taken many months.

At that moment, when there was a plan but nothing more in readiness, Japan surrendered. So great was the sudden strain thrown upon Mountbatten's resources, in order to round-up and disarm the surrendering Japanese over an enormous area, that we could not land at all in Java until nearly six weeks had passed. The interval had fatal consequences. In Mr. Bevin's words in the House of Commons on November 23, we were driven to "the expedients of placing responsibility on Japanese commanders (in Indonesia) for the maintenance of law and order and for the safety of prisoners of war and internees."

If the Indonesian Nationalists saw a golden opportunity to rise, the Japs were not slow to exploit it. There is no doubt now that they allowed the Indonesians to seize vast quantities of arms, even including light tanks, armoured cars and anti-aircraft guns.

BUT for prolonged military punctilio over the main surrender to MacArthur in Tokyo Bay on Sept. 2, we might have reached Batavia in force before the Nationalists were ready for open war. But under that unlucky transfer of command on August 15—just one week after the Japanese had announced "Indonesian independence"—it was the British who had to go in and clear up the mess.

It is worth while dwelling in a little more detail upon what happened inside the islands before the first British troops—2,000 Seaforth Highlanders and 250 Royal Marines—reached Batavia on September 29.

On August 17 a proclamation signed by the Indonesian leaders, Dr. Soekarno and Dr. Hatta, stated, quaintly but succinctly : "We people of Indonesia who framed the independence of Indonesia ; matters concerning transmission of authorities and so on will be executed accurately and in the shortest time." An "Indonesian Independence Preparatory Committee" had been at work. The next day it announced (1) Legalization of the Constitution of the Republic of Indonesia ; (2) Appointment of Dr. Soekarno as President, and Dr. Mohammed Hatta (the brains behind the whole rising), as Vice-President ; (3) Establishment of a National Committee.

On the same day, August 18, another Presidential Proclamation reiterated the existence of the independent Republic of Indonesia, and concluded : "We expect the whole Indonesian nation to be calm, quiet, prepared, well-disciplined and good." So they were ready for trouble if it came. This ukase was also signed by Dr. Jakarta.

During the long interval before the Allied vanguard reached the islands the more militant Nationalists put in a little battle practice on their fallen conquerors and Japanese officers were murdered.

On September 24, Dr. Soekarno decided to make his own position clear against the day when there might be a reckoning with the quislings. He declared that his collaboration with the Japanese during the occupation had been unwilling. Indonesians under his leadership had accepted the Tokyo offer of political freedom in order to "consolidate their position."

Their aspiration was complete independence, but there would be no racial discrimination, and all traders (even Dutch ?) would be welcomed.

Efforts to Avoid Bloodshed

On September 25, Brisbane dockers refused to load six ships for the Netherlands East Indies, and The Times correspondent reported from Batavia that Japanese officers were to be seen sporting Indonesian Republic flags. On the same day, too, it was announced that British reinforcements were on their way to Batavia to deal with what the Japanese secret police called "possible disturbances." It is scarcely surprising that all Dr. Soekarno's best efforts to avoid bloodshed were doomed to failure.

Then on September 30, the British commander, Lieut.-General Sir Philip Christison, arrived in Java. Before leaving Singapore he had said that in Java and Sumatra the British would employ the Japanese as police until the Dutch could take over. That time has not yet come. On reaching Batavia, General Christison said : "The Dutch must make a statement on the status of the Netherlands East Indies, and something must happen at once." He added that he intended to see the Nationalist leaders, with whom the Dutch refused to have any dealings. But General Christison and other Allied military leaders had a number of talks with Soekarno.

The "President of Indonesia" did his best. He issued orders that all Indonesians should co-operate with the Allies. But he added that they would fight any attempt to restore Dutch sovereignty. By October 4 the Republicans had seized Surabaya and Bandoeng from the Japs. On that day Dr. H. J. Van Mook, Lieut.-Governor-General of the Netherlands East Indies, arrived at Batavia and immediately began preparing for a joint conference of Dutch and Indonesians. Unfortunately, the attitude of The Hague Government nullified all his pacific efforts.

From the second week in October the situation in Java worsened. Largely beyond the control of their own chosen leaders, bands of hot-blooded young Indonesians sniped, ambushed and murdered small groups of Allied troops in many parts of the island.

On October 30, Brigadier H. W. S. Mallaby arranged a verbal truce, on very liberal terms, with Dr. Soekarno. The next day he was killed while engaged in an informal roadside conference with some of the Indonesian leaders. (See illus. page 453). Thereafter, naturally, the British adopted stronger measures, and fighting became bitter.

Japan's Part in the Business

Three months too late to avert all this needless bloodshed and political enmity, a solution seems at last in sight. On December 27, discussions were held between Mr. Attlee and Mr. Noel Baker, Minister of State, on behalf of Britain, and Professor Schermerhorn, Netherlands Prime Minister, and Dr. Van Mook, representing the Netherlands, as to the most effective line of action to be taken to restore law and order in Java. The British Government subsequently reaffirmed their obligation to their Dutch allies to establish without delay conditions of security in which it would be possible for the Government of the Netherlands East Indies to continue negotiations with representative Indonesians.

Though there is dissension among the Indonesians themselves the demand for some form of home rule is very strong. To be realistic the Dutch must offer something more generous than in the past, and this was foreshadowed in a New Year's message from Professor Schermerhorn.

Meanwhile, here are some facts about Japan's part in the business, given by an Indonesian. The Indonesian People's Party, called POETRA, was launched in March 1943. From the beginning its leaders included Soekarno, Hatta, and others in the present Indonesian "Government," such as Kihadjar Dewantoro, the Minister of Education, and Kijahi Hadji Mansoer, Religion Leader. Eurasians and Chinese joined in.

The Japanese encouraged efforts at economic expansion, which included a Five Years Plan for increasing rice production by thousands of acres more paddy fields. Many new villages were built. Great attention was paid to modern farming methods, including the use of artificial fertilizers. The Japanese cultivated in every way the idea that they would concede autonomy after the war.

THE game was simple. Today the politically immature masses of Indonesia say that the Japs gave them far more liberty and encouragement to emancipate themselves than they are ever likely to get from their old masters the Dutch It was that carefully stimulated surge of patriotism that fanned the flame of opposition to our troops, whom rebel Indonesians saw merely as storm troopers for the Dutch.

Many authorities now believe that if we could have landed two divisions at the end of August the whole rising might have missed fire, and order have been established with the minimum of loss on both sides. It is no use complaining that we have been unlucky in landing a dirty job that strictly belonged to someone else. But we are entitled to draw the attention of critics to these words of our Foreign Minister, Mr. Bevin : "Let not people always accuse the British of being the only villains in the piece. Our business was a rescue work and nothing else. We were not there for any other purpose but to carry out the task and get out of it again as soon as we could."

The Never-to-be-Forgotten Army

By MAJ.-GENERAL
SIR CHARLES GWYNN
K.C.B., D.S.O.

ON December 1, 1945, two years after its formation, the 14th Army was disbanded. In that period its record was one of achievements which secure for it the highest rank in the history of warfare. Not only was it by far the largest single army ever put in the field by the Empire; it was the largest single army in any theatre of the Second Great War. Numbering approximately one million men, of whom one half at least were combat troops, at times it was deployed in widely separated groups on a frontage of some 700 miles.

In its ranks men of fifty nationalities found a place; yet in spite of that it developed an esprit de corps and an individuality comparable to that of the 8th Army. British, Indian and Gurkha units formed the main combat force—at one time or another two British and nine Indian Divisions were engaged (the latter, as usual, being one-third British in composition)—the remainder being composed of two West African Divisions and one East African Division led by British officers and N.C.O.s, as well as important Chinese and American contingents and valuable levies from among the Burmese natives.

ACCOMPLISHED All Tasks Successfully and Killed More than 120,000 Japs

The tasks given to the 14th Army were (1) to protect the air route to China, (2) to reopen the Burma road, (3) to destroy the Japanese Army in Burma.

The first seemed to present no great difficulties. The second, however, evidently would involve hard fighting to prevent the Japanese interfering with General Stilwell's scheme for driving a new road from Ledo in Assam to link up with the old Burma road. The third seemed likely to remain a mere aspiration until such time as a full-scale amphibious operation could be staged. For the practically roadless mountains and jungles of the Indo-Burma frontier region, coupled with the phenomenally wet and prolonged monsoon season, apparently prohibited a far-reaching invasion of Burma by large forces from the north, for these involved difficulties of supply, a short favourable campaigning season, and risk of many losses among the troops from malaria and other tropical diseases.

Yet the 14th Army accomplished all its tasks successfully without undertaking large-scale amphibious operations. It killed over 120,000 Japanese; over 40 per cent of their total losses in the war, and seven times as many as its own dead. Moreover, in the ten months of its main offensive the Army advanced 1,000 miles and liberated practically the whole of Burma.

HOW were these almost miraculous results obtained? Primarily by bold and far-sighted substitution of air transport for normal road supply methods, and in general the close co-ordination of air and surface power to an unprecedented extent. The supply problem having been solved, skilful and bold leadership and the amazing endurance and fighting qualities of the troops were given full play. Actually, in 1944, it was intended only to undertake the second task—because the 14th Army was not yet at full strength and much of the equipment intended for it had been diverted to the European theatre. But the organization and provision of air transport on a scale to meet future requirements was put in hand.

General Wingate's first Chindit experiment had proved the possibility of penetrating behind the Japanese lines and disorganizing their dispositions and lines of communication, and it was decided to exploit the same idea on a much larger scale with a view to attacking the communications of the Japanese Division opposing General Stilwell's force. This time a whole division was used, and it was to be conveyed by air to the scene of its operations and thereafter to be supplied and maintained from the air.

General SIR WILLIAM SLIM, G.B.E., K.C.B., D.S.O., former Commander of the 14th Army, whose appointment as Commandant of the Imperial Defence College was announced on Dec. 4, 1945, arrived from Burma on Dec. 25. He is seen (right) with Lady Slim saying goodbye to Capt. J. A. Macdonald, of the S.S. Georgic, in which he sailed.

The Division landed in March 1944, and with its co-operation General Stilwell's American and Chinese troops reached Myitkyina, at the head of the railway from Mandalay, in May. It had also been decided indirectly to support Stilwell's operations by taking the offensive in Arakan and by limited operations on the Chindwin front, in order to cause dispersion of the Japanese forces. The former provoked a strong Japanese counter-stroke which was finally defeated decisively, but troops preparing for the latter were withdrawn when the Japanese Manipur offensive developed.

MEDICAL Service Achieved Miracles Throughout the Entire Campaign

Stilwell's communications were for a time in danger; but the defence of Imphal and Kohima, followed by a decisive counter-offensive, not only fulfilled the 14th Army's first and second missions, but by inflicting a crushing defeat on the Japanese went far towards achieving the third. The Japanese offensive, dangerous as it at one time seemed, actually played into General Slim's hand, for it gave him the opportunity of engaging them at the end of inadequate and vulnerable lines of communication.

The decision to exploit success by maintaining the counter-offensive during the monsoon in terribly difficult country was taken, despite all previous beliefs that it would prove impracticable. Undoubtedly it imposed a desperate test on the toughness of the troops, but with the medical service achieving miracles—as indeed it did throughout the whole campaign—and the Air Force continuing to operate in spite of appalling conditions, the decision fully justified itself.

By December 1944 the 14th Army was across the Chindwin and had made contact with Stilwell's force south of Myitkyina. The dry season was now ahead for the prosecution of the main offensive, and it developed rapidly. Before the end of January 1945 the jungle and hilly districts of north Burma were passed and the Army emerged into a more open and dry region where armour could operate freely. The Japanese made determined attempts to hold the line of the Irrawaddy and to cover Mandalay, but before the end of March the river had been crossed and the city captured. Moreover, by a wide outflanking movement which took the enemy by surprise, General Slim had at Meiktila established a strong force in the rear of the Japanese main forces, barring their retreat to the south. After a month's hard fighting, by early April the victory was complete and the greater part of the enemy dispersed into the hills to the east.

RESPONDED With Amazing Speed to the Call for a Supreme Effort

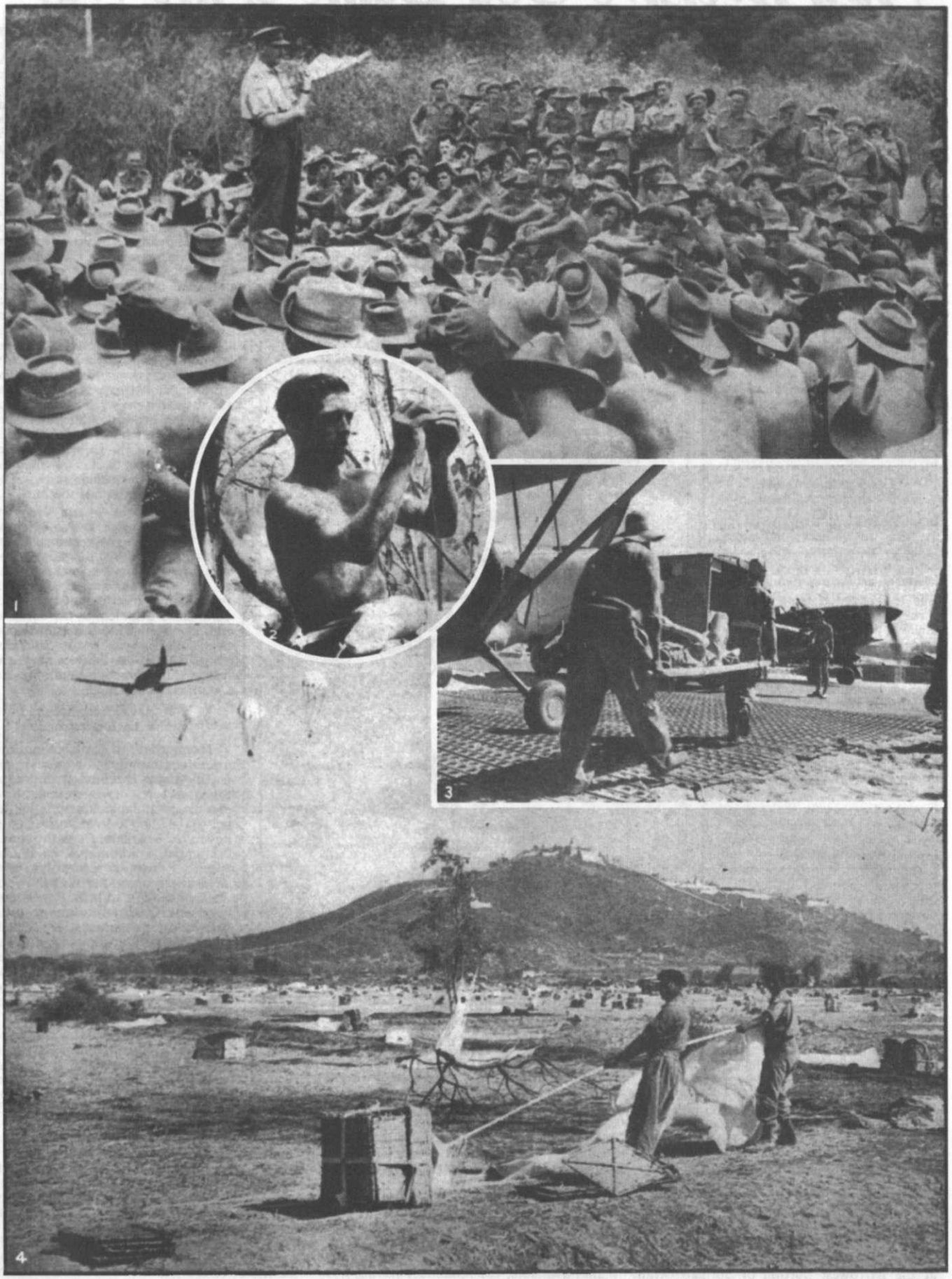
But there was still a great problem to be faced. How was the 14th Army to be supplied during the coming monsoon? Supply by road from Assam on a sufficient scale was quite impracticable, and as the Army had advanced, the base for air supply had, in order to shorten the flight, been transferred from Imphal first to Chittagong and afterwards to Akyab and other islands on the Arakan coast captured by the 15th Corps and Navy in a series of minor amphibious operations. These vital operations secured airfields at progressively shorter ranges to the Army; but even at shorter ranges air supply could not be ensured during the monsoon.

The capture of Rangoon, the only port available, was therefore essential, but it lay 300 miles south of Meiktila. Could it be captured before the monsoon broke in May? The 14th Army was called on to make a supreme effort to provide the answer. With what amazing speed and determination it responded to the call we know, and though it fell to the 15th Corps, by yet another admirably timed amphibious operation, to enter the port first, yet it was the bold thrust southwards from Meiktila that completely disorganized all Japanese attempts to hold the port, the capture of which ensured the complete reconquest of Burma.

THE Burma campaign was an undoubted masterpiece of skilful planning and bold execution, and in particular reliance on air transport was a daring experiment. But even greater credit must be given to the troops. Earlier beliefs that the Japanese would prove invincible in jungle fighting and be rendered almost unconquerable by their fanatical determination to die fighting were completely shattered. India especially should be proud of the 14th Army, for although the Gurkhas remained pre-eminent as jungle and mountain fighters, yet the war proved that other Indian races besides those reputedly martial could produce gallant men, for the great expansion of the Indian Army had spread the recruiting net more and more widely.

Moreover, all doubts as to the ability of India to supply competent and brave officers were allayed. The policy of Indianizing the officer cadre, though immensely accelerated, fully justified itself and the test could hardly have been higher. British troops displayed once again their capacity to develop their great qualities under the most unfavourable climatic conditions, though they would be the first to admit the debt they owed in this case to the medical service and science.

Recalling Great Memories of Burma's Green Hell



VETERANS OF THE NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN ARMY—the mighty 14th—congratulated by Lt.-Gen. Sir Oliver Leese (1), C.-in-C. Allied Land Forces, Burma, on their part in the campaign. This private (2) snatched a moment for needle-threading, preparatory to sock-darning—necessary precaution against foot trouble. R.A.F. pilots of L-5 ambulance planes (3) transported wounded direct from the front line. Airborne supply played a decisive part in the Burma victory: collecting parachuted material near Mandalay (4).

Photos, British and Indian Official

Most Decisive Sea Battle of the War

By
FRANCIS E. McMURTRIE

IN a general knowledge test, how many could name offhand the most decisive naval victory of the Second Great War? It is surprising that so little should be known about this, especially as the action was fought less than fifteen months ago. During the Battle of Leyte Gulf the forces engaged were larger than in any naval action since Jutland, while enemy losses considerably exceeded those of May 31, 1916. Indeed, the Japanese fleet was so hard hit in those crucial days of October 24-26, 1944, that its organization as a fighting force received a fatal blow, rendering inevitable the surrender of 1945.

Undoubtedly, the absence of any full and clear account of the battle has helped to obscure its importance to the average Briton. In view of further details which reached me recently, it seemed worth trying to remedy this omission so far as readers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED are concerned. In October 1944 the Japanese, relying on reports that exaggerated the effect of their air attacks on the U.S. Pacific Fleet, determined to strike with full force at the American Seventh Fleet covering the landing on the island of Leyte, in the Eastern Philippines.

TWO Fleets to Deliver Converging Attacks

It seems evident that the enemy plan was to deliver converging attacks by two fleets. One, comprising nearly 20 units (including battleships, cruisers and destroyers) was to approach from the south, through Surigao Strait. Simultaneously the second force, of somewhat greater strength, was to proceed from the westward towards the Leyte Gulf anchorage by way of San Bernardino Strait. It was apparently hoped to produce confusion and dismay by successive attacks from two quarters; while the two Japanese fleets, advancing on lines at right angles to one another, would each enjoy a clear field of fire.

A third enemy force, of 17 ships, including at least four aircraft carriers, was meanwhile approaching the Philippines from some point to the northward of Luzon. Whether this was intended purely as a diversionary operation, or was designed to provide for "mopping up" the U.S. fleet after it had been defeated and scattered by the earlier attacks, is uncertain.

As a diversion it had some slight effect, for though warning had been received by October 22 of the approach of Japanese forces from the southward and westward, it was not until the afternoon of the 24th that the third tentacle of the attack was detected. Admiral Halsey, senior naval officer in the Leyte area, at once concentrated a number of carrier task groups and proceeded northward at high speed with the Third Fleet to meet this new threat. He left Vice-Admiral Kinkaid with the 7th Fleet (including six of the older battleships) to deal with the other two forces.

TO protect the south entrance of Leyte Gulf, Rear-Admiral J. B. Oldendorf, senior officer on the spot, stationed a strong force of destroyers and motor torpedo boats at the narrowest portion of Surigao Strait. These sighted the enemy about midnight, when the m.t.b.s attacked. At 1.30 a.m. on the 25th the enemy entered the Strait in two columns, one about four miles astern of the other. A second torpedo attack by the Americans was delivered an hour later.

At 3 a.m. the main fleet action began with the launching of torpedo attacks by U.S. destroyers, which reduced the speed of the enemy advance from 20 to 12 knots. In less than half an hour the American battleships and cruisers opened fire, and within 40 minutes the Japanese column, finding the American strength greater than expected, turned and began to retire. At this stage the range was down to 11,000 yards, and the enemy were punished heavily.

In the course of the pursuit through Surigao Strait the Japanese battleship Fuso, the heavy cruiser Mogami and a destroyer were sunk. A second battleship, the Yamasiro, after being badly damaged, was finished off by torpedoes from destroyers. By the evening of the 25th only six out of 15 or 16 enemy ships which had entered Surigao Strait remained afloat.

While this was happening, Admiral Halsey had struck heavily with his aircraft at the northern enemy force. Taken by surprise as it approached the coast of Luzon from the north-east, this force had only a few planes available, the remainder having flown to fields in the Philippines to refuel. When they returned it was too late, and 21 of them were shot down by the American fighters. Meantime, three of the enemy carriers, the 30,000-ton Zuikaku and the smaller Titose and Zuiho, had been destroyed by air attack, while a fourth carrier, the Tiyoda, after being crippled by aircraft, was sunk by Admiral Halsey's surface vessels. A cruiser, the Tama, was torpedoed and sunk by the U.S. submarine Jallao; and a destroyer was also sent to the bottom.

THE PHILIPPINES COMMONWEALTH, a group of 7,000 islands in the northern part of the East Indies, under U.S. protection. It was in the surrounding waters during October 1944 that the U.S. Pacific Fleet achieved a decisive victory over the Japanese.

DURING the night the Japanese western force passed through San Bernardino Strait into the Pacific. News of its presence off Samar caused Admiral Halsey to return southward. While searching for the American transports and landing craft the Japanese fleet encountered a force of U.S. escort carriers under Rear-Admiral Sprague. These did their best to avoid an unequal action, smoke screens being laid by two destroyers and a destroyer escort to aid their retreat. Torpedo attacks were also delivered on the enemy by these three gallant ships, which were all sunk by the enemy fire—the Hoel, Johnston and Samuel B. Roberts. In this phase of the action the U.S. escort carriers Gambier Bay and St. Lo were also lost, the former being sunk by gunfire and the latter by bombing.

Already under attack from Seventh Fleet aircraft, the Japanese now had to face fresh onslaughts as Admiral Halsey's planes came into action. One heavy cruiser, the Suzuya, was sunk, and a second, the Tikuma, had to be left behind, completely disabled, as her consorts retired through the San Bernardino Strait under cover of darkness. Ships of the Third Fleet sank the helpless Tikuma by gunfire at 2 a.m. on October 26.

JAP Navy Accomplished Its Own Destruction

Throughout that day American aircraft continued to harass the enemy fleet as it retreated across the Sibuyan Sea. During this phase of the action Japan's newest battleship, the 45,000-ton Musasi, was destroyed, together with three cruisers, the Abukuma, Kinu and Nosiro. Two more cruisers were so seriously damaged that they got no farther than Manila Bay, where in due course they succumbed to persistent air attacks, the Nati being sunk on November 5 and the Kiso on November 13. Yet another cruiser, the Kumano, which was discovered sheltering in Dasol Bay, farther to the north-westward, met a similar fate a few days later.

An important part was played by American submarines, which shadowed the enemy for days beforehand, reporting all movements by wireless. As the Japanese fleet was passing through the Palawan Passage on October 23, two of its heavy cruisers, the Atago and Maya, were torpedoed and sunk by these watching submarines.

A noteworthy feature of the battle is that most of the fighting was at night, enabling the Americans to reap the full advantage of radar. The Japanese relied on searchlights and star shell, which proved less effective.

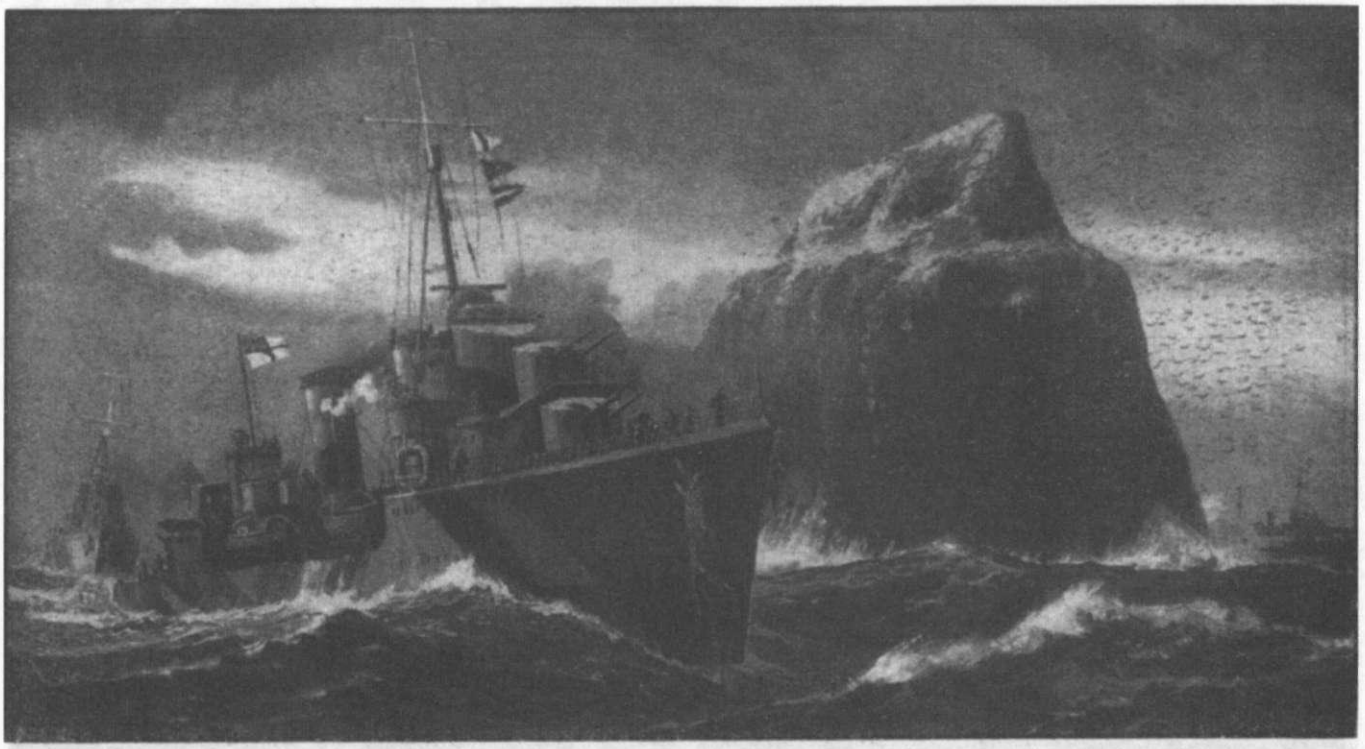
Thus the Japanese Navy had virtually accomplished its own destruction by assuming the initiative too late in the conflict. Seldom has an attacking force been more badly surprised by the strength of the resistance offered to it. (See illus. page 487, Vol. 8.)

Guns of the Royal Navy Bark at Surabaya

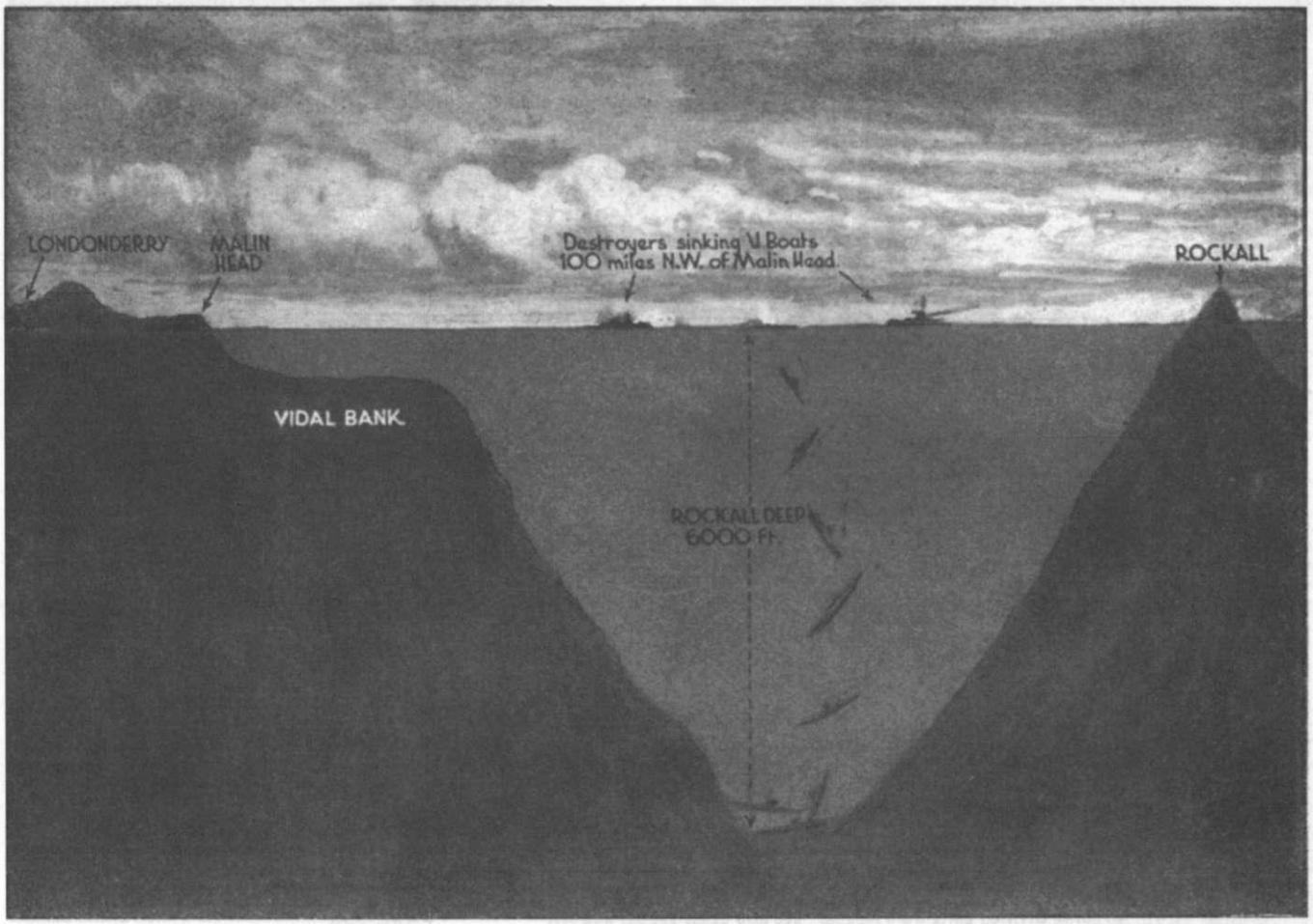
FLEEING TO THE BRITISH LINES, Chinese (top) sought refuge after H.M.S. Caesar, Cavalier and Carron, of the 6th Flotilla, had shelled Indonesian positions in November 1945. A 4·5-in. gun is fired (below), and gunnery officer and chief yeoman of signals (inset) check the results. These ships had been operating off Surabaya since November 1, evacuating refugees and later bombarding the coast in support of the Army. On December 15, 7th Airborne Division units were landed. See also pages 524–525 and 579.

Photos, British Official

A Thousand Fathoms Deep Lies the U-Boat Fleet



AN ENORMOUS SEA-BED CAVITY over 6,000 ft. below the surface of the Atlantic, known as Rockall Deep, 100 miles to the north-west of the northern Irish land-shelf, is the specially selected scuttling site for the surrendered submarines of Germany (see pages 552-553 and 576). From Malin Head, north of Londonderry, a comparatively shallow ledge (see diagram below) stretches out to the Vidal Bank, at the northern end of which stands St. Kilda, most westerly of the Outer Hebrides. From here, towards the north-west, soundings run steeply to Rockall Deep, one of the great hollows of the North Atlantic. Rockall itself is a bird-haunted granite islet, little known even among sailors, being well off the Atlantic shipping route. Situated near the centre of the 60-mile Rockall Bank, some 200 miles to the west of North Uist in the Hebrides, it has a circumference of little more than a hundred yards and a height of about 70 ft. Our North Atlantic naval and air patrols frequently used it as a wartime landfall. The drawing above shows a line of destroyers steaming past it during the Battle of the Atlantic—a route for long kept secret. The first U-boats sunk in the Deep, during "Operation Deadlight," were sent down by gunfire from destroyers. PAGE 564 *By courtesy of The Sphere.*

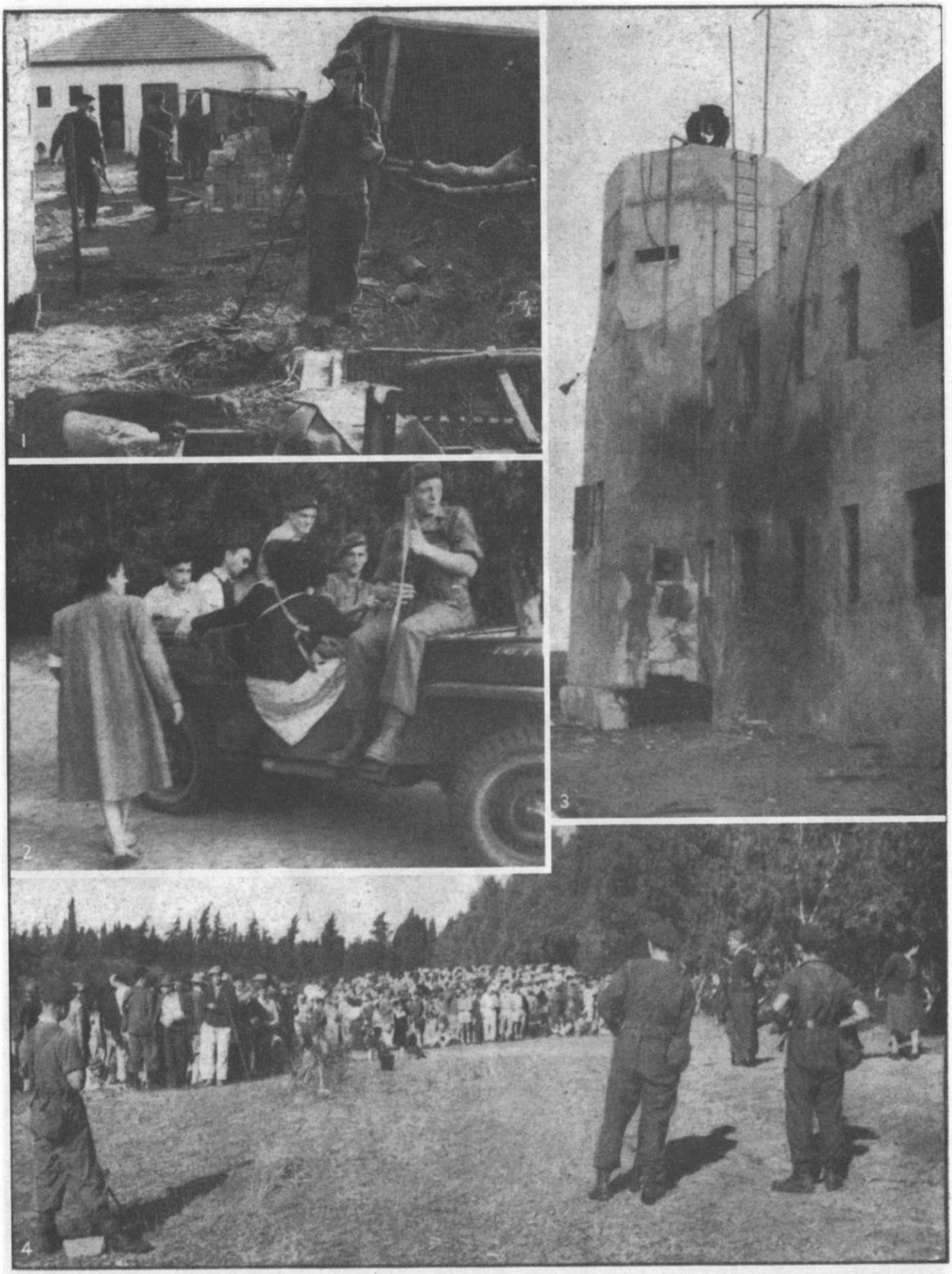


First W.A.A.F. for S.E. Asia Air Command H.Q.

COMING ASHORE AT SINGAPORE from the troopship Devonshire in December 1945 were these members of the W.A.A.F. after a six-days' crossing from Ceylon. Attached to the first draft to be sent on service east of India, they were previously stationed at Bombay, Delhi and Ceylon. Having volunteered for the transfer farther east they will work at the H.Q. of South-East Asia Air Command under the direction of the A.O.C., Air Marshal Sir William A. Coryton, K.B.E., C.B., M.V.O., D.F.C.

Photo, British Official

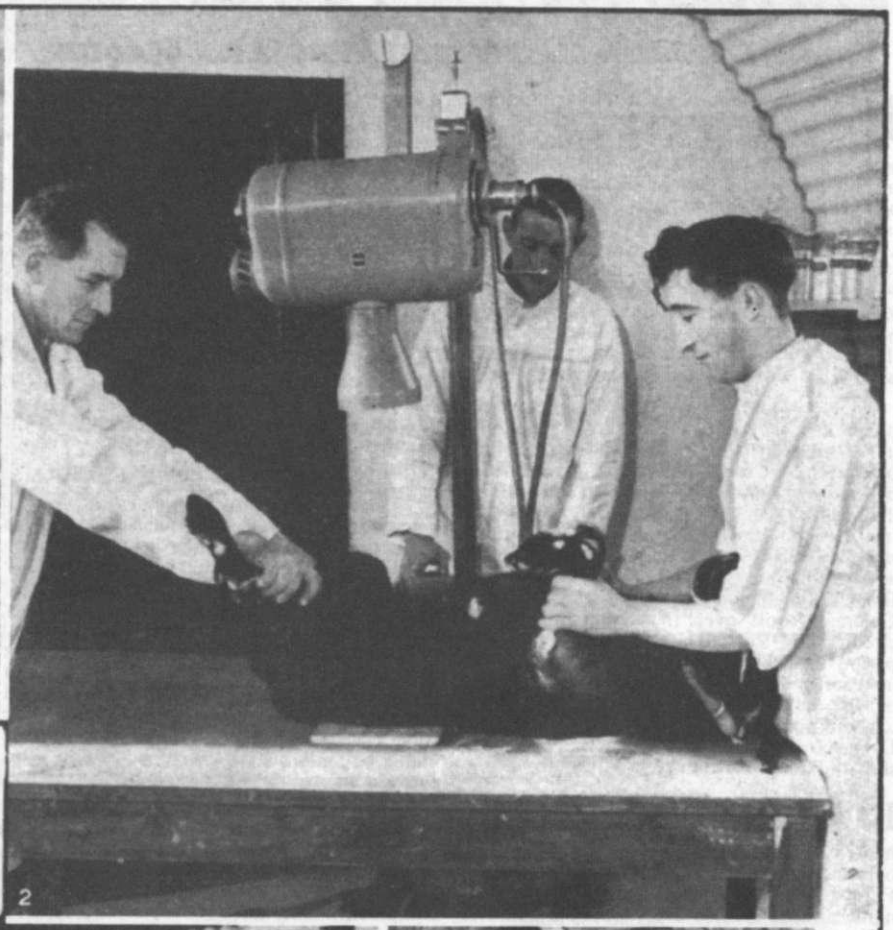
In Search of Elusive Saboteurs in Palestine



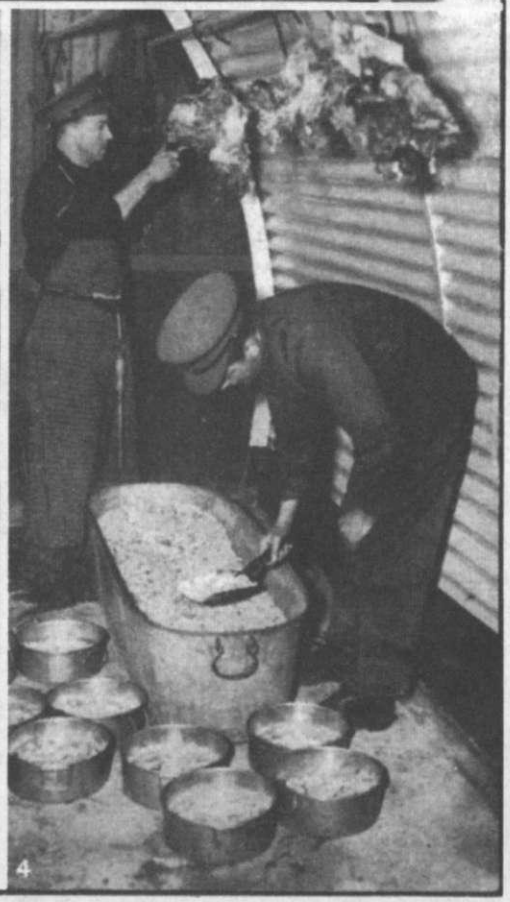
BRITISH TROOPS AND PALESTINE POLICE probed a wide area in the Valley of Sharon, following attacks on near-by coastguard stations on November 25, 1945 (see page 546). Man-hunt in the village of Rishpon (1) called for the use of mine-detectors. Women of the Jewish Red Shield ambulance organization (2) assisted casualties to a clinic. Burnt-out coastguard installation at Sidna Ali (3). Troops of our 6th Airborne Division guarded Jewish settlers at Shifayim (4) while comrades searched the village. See also story in page 537.

Photos, British Official

Where the War-Dogs Await Their Demobilization



AT STOCKBRIDGE, HAMPSHIRE, is a dogs' demobilization centre. Here, while undergoing the regulation six-months quarantine, are housed Service animals (see page 488) and pets brought home by men from overseas. Among "residents" which had seen service abroad were Mac (1), an Airedale dropped by parachute in Normandy on D-Day to detect mines, and owned by Mrs. H. Paton, of Glasgow; and Lyal, a black Labrador (owner, Mr. D. Millar, of Fife) seen (2) about to be X-rayed.



IN THE QUARANTINE QUARTERS at Stockbridge the animals are exercised for two hours each day while awaiting release. As a safeguard against rabies infection no dogs are allowed to meet. Bruce (3), a black Labrador with a fine record in mine-detection, owned by Capt. Miskin, of Richmond, is seen being given a run in the kennels yard. Preparing meals, consisting of meat and biscuits mixed, receives the care and attention which the inmates deserve: scrupulous cleanliness is observed.

Photos Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

Now It Can Be Told!

BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER WHO LED MAQUIS

IN October 1940, Jean Henri Coleman, 32-years-old native of Paris, son of an English father and French mother and as patriotic an Englishman as any, was trudging the streets of London, almost penniless after his escape from France—trying to join the Royal Navy. In June 1945, as Lieutenant J. H. Coleman, M.B.E., R.N.V.R., he was to attend Buckingham Palace to receive his decoration from the King, for his services in France for the period of a year with the Maquis. He is the only British Naval officer to have served with this unique resistance organization.

The citation for his award states: "This officer was dropped into France by parachute in September 1943, as assistant to a resistance organizer in Lyons. He was given the task of finding grounds where arms could be dropped by parachute, reconnoitring the targets allotted to the circuit, and finding safe houses. He carried out his duties ably and devotedly. When, a few weeks before D-Day, his chief was caught by the Gestapo, Coleman took over the command of the circuit, and carried it through a difficult period until his chief escaped soon after the invasion. Coleman ensured the execution of the concerted attacks on railway and telecommunications targets on and after D-Day. He showed high qualities of leadership and devotion to duty."

BEFORE embarking on his Maquis adventure, a complete, unbreakable "cover story" had to be learned. Lieutenant Coleman took over the "life" of a French friend in London. False papers were given him in the friend's name and he studied every possible detail of the past life of the Frenchman to make his alibi, if possible, foolproof.

"He was a pretty brainy type of engineer," said Lieut. Coleman, "and although my adoption of his past never gave me much trouble, I was sometimes embarrassed by people in France asking me highly technical engineering questions, which I had to pass over lightly or change the subject. It was also a little tricky sometimes to avoid being introduced to fellows who had been at school or college with the man whose life I was leading! Otherwise my story was watertight, even down to a duplicate birth certificate—and I think I was the only one who retained the same story throughout the time I was in France."

Six Touching Farewells to Face

Then, after the parachute course, came the period of waiting for the final departure. He spent part of the time in getting married—"a move," he says, "which would normally have caused a lot of trouble, and might have disqualified me for the job, if my wife hadn't also been working for Military Intelligence. As it was, she had the embarrassment of going around London with a new husband dressed like a nondescript sort of French commercial traveller, because I had to 'wear-in' the suits I was to use in France. These were made to look as French as possible, and every item of our kit was stamped 'Fabrication Française,' even the razor blades."

Lieutenant Coleman had six touching farewells to face before eventually landing in France. On six occasions he was fitted at the airport into his cumbersome parachute equipment, with all its accessories, and he and the containers carrying supplies to his future comrades were loaded into the plane. Each time, after dodging "flak valley" and circling over the area of the Loire valley, which was his allotted territory, he stood over the parachute hatch waiting to drop—but there was no flashed signal from the ground, and the aircraft had to return.

"If I hadn't dropped on the seventh occasion," he says, "I don't think I could ever have done it. I believe I made a good landing in the bright moonlight. I went into my roll and somersaulted properly—and then passed right out. When I recovered I found I had rolled straight into a heap of stones and knocked myself cold. But luckily I had not been found, so I quickly ripped off my parachute and harness and the flying suit, rolled them up and hid them, cocked my .45 and started to look for my collaborators.

RADIO VANS were employed by British railways (as was disclosed in December 1945) to enable rail services to be carried on during the height of the blitz. They consisted of mobile short-wave transmitters, as frequently used by the B.B.C. in short distance "links." An operator (left) sits at the transmitting desk of one of the network of 16 similar fixed or mobile vans used by the G.W.R. In this way the company was enabled to keep in touch with every part of the system when normal communications were disrupted by enemy action.
Photo, Associated Press

Lt. JEAN HENRI COLEMAN, R.N.V.R., escaped from France in 1940 and returned in 1943 as an organizer of the Maquis, as told here.
Photo, British Official

Under Scrutiny by the Enemy

"In the next field I saw a crowd of men loading the containers (dropped from my plane) into a lorry. They were members of the French Resistance—although by no means the people who were expecting me so eagerly. I was able to organize their clumsy efforts, and later contacted my partner, and got down to the real job of organizing safe houses, contacts, etc." Thus the year's work was started, a year of constant vigilance against capture, in which it grew almost instinctive to smell out the houses and fields which were "burnt"—in other words under suspicious scrutiny by the enemy. Sabotage was their main job—in particular, the blowing of railway lines and bridges.

Daily the little band of saboteurs was in radio contact with London. Their sets, conveyed in broad daylight to five houses over a wide area, were operated by a daring young French operator (now a commissioned officer), who, according to Coleman, spent almost all his daylight hours in trains (as no one house was used twice running), and all his nights speaking to London in an intricate system of codes and wavelengths. Between their sabotage jobs, Coleman and his partner, another Frenchman, "flashed in" the supply planes in isolated fields and collected the dropped containers.

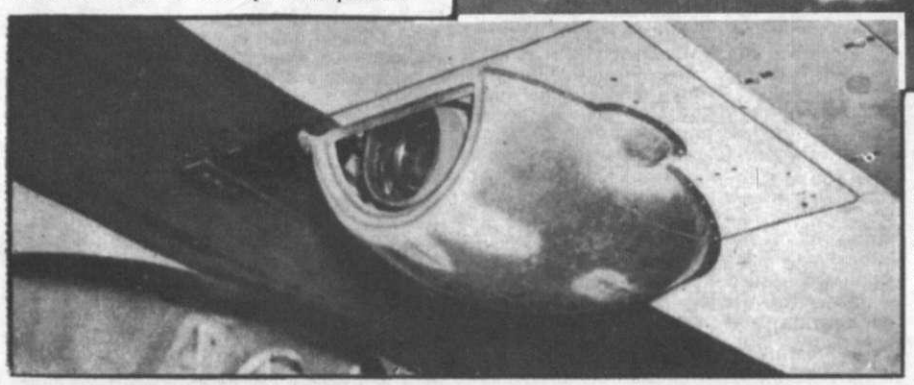
ALL the time he was living the life of a travelling Parisian engineer. One of his most anxious moments was when a bright official discovered he had not registered for the compulsory work of guarding vital points in Vichy France. But Coleman promptly registered, and his first job was that of guarding a railway bridge! "We didn't blow that actual bridge," he said, "but the Jerries would have been considerably surprised if they'd known what a grand opportunity it gave me of studying the railway system, with full authorization from them. Especially as the French linesmen were some of our grandest helpers."

He enjoyed bridge-blowing, particularly because it seldom involved French lives. For

some time he spent an hour every day innocently bathing in a river—in full sight of a railway bridge, studying its construction in detail. At last he was able to operate on it almost blindfold, and he describes it as "his most satisfactory job."

Lyons, which was the headquarters of the team, was one of the "hottest" towns in France, and Coleman reckons there were 90,000 plain clothes Gestapo men after them there. Once one of their houses was burgled and, suspecting a trap, they left it, with its radio set, severely alone for months: once again they established their house, next door to the local gendarmerie; again, while two of them were loading explosive charges on to a bicycle for the night's job, a fast convoy of staff cars and dispatch riders passed by, escorting no less important a personage than Marshal Pètain.

Just before D-Day they had orders to store supplies—and so conveyed them in 12 trucks in broad daylight from their hide-out in the hills right into the heart of Lyons, a distance of 80 miles, storing them in a disused dye works next door to Gestapo headquarters.



GERMAN USE OF RADAR was revealed by R.A.F. reconnaissance photographs of the Cap de la Hogue, Normandy, in November 1940. Daring low-flying tactics were called for and two attempts had to be made before identification was established. The top picture was obtained on the second attempt. A forward-facing oblique camera (above), fitted to the port wing of a Spitfire was used for low-level "shots." *Photos, British Official*

NINE MEN KEPT SIX-YEAR VIGIL

IN a feudal castle on an escarpment overlooking the Eskdale valley nine men kept one of the longest and loneliest vigils of the war. It began on August 24, 1939, when three railway coaches coupled to an ordinary passenger train left London filled with packing-cases containing famous paintings from the Tate Gallery collection. Guarded by L.M.S. police and Tate Gallery staff they were taken to Muncaster Castle, Cumberland—home of Sir John and Lady Ramsden—and with them went also the art treasures of India House.

Villagers who helped with the unloading at Muncaster had no idea that the cases contained such world-famed treasures as Constable's "Valley Farm" and Millais' "Christ in His Parents' House." They did guess that the cases held pictures, and the nine Tate Gallery men, who remained at Muncaster Castle became known as "the picture men." For more than six years "the picture men" maintained a "round-the-clock" patro of the chambers containing the famous canvases.

They cooked their own meals, washed and mended their own clothes, and even cut each other's hair. "In our spare time we did painting, toy-making, white-washing—anything to relieve boredom," Mr. W. J. Jefcut, who was in charge, told a News Chronicle reporter.

OUR MOST EFFECTIVE UNDERWATER EXPLOSIVE

FULL details of a new and powerful explosive known as Torpex, which played a large part in enabling the Allies to win the Battle of the Atlantic, have now been revealed. Officially described as "the most effective underwater explosive used during the war," the use of Torpex, in place of T.N.T., in underwater munitions resulted in an increase of the distance at which a depth-charge could kill a submarine. It also greatly enhanced the destructive effect of mines and torpedoes.

Torpex thus enabled the Allies to sink a larger number of enemy craft than would have been possible by the use of the earlier types of explosives. This new explosive was investigated and developed to the production stage in the Research Department at Woolwich Arsenal. The name Torpex denotes the explosive obtained by mixing together T.N.T., R.D.X., and aluminium powder.

R.D.X. (Research Department Formula X)—probably the only constituent unfamiliar to the public—was previously known, under the name of Cyclonite, to be a powerful high explosive, but the difficulty was to make it on anything like a useful scale, until the Research Department at Woolwich Arsenal discovered the process a few years before the war started. Safe methods of use and handling the explosive were also evolved. R.D.X. is also used in other military explosives, such as in the "Plastic Explosive" which can be moulded to fit any complex-shaped structure it is desired to destroy.

Another novel explosive which was used with outstanding success during the later stages of the war was Tritonal. This explosive consists of a mixture of T.N.T. and aluminium powder. Bombs filled with it produced much greater structural damage than similar bombs filled with T.N.T. alone, due to the resultant effects of the aluminium powder. Many of the "block-busters" dropped by the R.A.F., and other bombs dropped by the U.S.A.A.F., were filled with Tritonal, and bomb-scarred Germany shows ample evidence of its destructive power.

'LOST' JU 88 HELD VITAL RADAR SECRETS

SOME of the most vital and well-guarded secrets of German radar night fighter defences fell into British hands through a simple error of navigation. A well-disciplined and experienced young Luftwaffe pilot handed them to our scientists undamaged when he landed on a British emergency landing field at Woodbridge on the East Coast under the mistaken impression that he had touched down at Venlo in Holland. He was met by an N.C.O. of the R.A.F.

He was the pilot of a JU 88 equipped with the very types of radar that the Germans had been at such pains to keep secret. This meeting between an astonished R.A.F. Flight Sergeant and the startled German crew, which took place on a July morning five weeks after D-Day, was to save the lives of hundreds of Allied bomber crews engaged in smashing German communications and industrial installations.

The German night fighter, one of eight that had been ordered to patrol between the Dutch Coast and East Anglia to keep an eye on Bomber Command's activities, was at first mistaken for a Mosquito at Woodbridge, when at 4.30 the aircraft, having circled, was given a "green" from the watch office and made a normal landing. It taxied to the end of the runway, the engines were switched off, and the pilot had jumped out just as a tender drew up alongside.

IN a matter of minutes an armed guard stood sentry before the Junkers, which still had 40 engine hours in hand since its last major inspection, and which held the key to troublesome German radar equipment like "Naxos" and "Flensburg," known to be connected with night fighting, but whose purpose could only be conjectured. In fact, the aircraft was equipped with SN2 and "Flensburg," a homing device, and the crew revealed that "Naxos" was also used in connexion with homing.

Day and night research to produce countermeasures was conducted with such speed that 10 days later when, on the night of July 23-24, 1944, Kiel was raided by a force of 578 aircraft of Bomber Command, only four were lost. On the two following nights Stuttgart was attacked, and there is no doubt that the enemy would have scored much more heavily had he had unrestricted use of his aircraft interception equipment. The British countermeasure was a modified form of Window which remained a potent factor in neutralizing SN2 till the end.

There is No Peace for Britain's Lifeboats

In the six months following the end of the war with Germany (June-November 1945) our lifeboats responded to 232 calls and saved 295 lives, 100 of these during the week of October gales : 87 more than in the same period in 1944. Typical incidents in the noble wartime story of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution are recorded here by Capt. FRANK H. SHAW.

BETWEEN September 3, 1939, and May 8, 1945, the big red, white and blue boats of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution went out 3,760 times to the assistance of ships and aircraft in distress. This averages about two missions per day throughout the war. A good sound record for a Service that really knows no peace ; for when human enemies are conquered, the chief enemy—the sea—remains defiant and aggressive. Lives to the total of 6,376 were saved in this period, averaging 21 per week.

Nineteen of the boats took part in the Dunkirk evacuation in May 1940. Thousands of our hard-beset Expeditionary Force were saved from death or captivity, and in performing this outstanding service eighteen boats were more or less seriously damaged ; one was lost completely. The coxswains of the Ramsgate and Margate boats did such signal service that they were awarded the Distinguished Service Medal—immediate awards. Daring enemy bombs, they took their craft inshore and snatched men from destruction. Then the lifeboats resumed their normal task.

The East and South coasts naturally were the stage for their greatest activities, because the enemy determined to starve us into surrender by sinking the merchant ships on which our subsistence depended to so great an extent. The development of the magnetic mine provided abundant work for the R.N.L.I. They were ready for it—hard-bitten men trained to duty in the face of almost insurmountable odds. Their motor-boats were powerful, and roomy—very different from the old-fashioned "pulling-and-sailing" craft in which the reputation of the Institution had been built-up. They were capable of going almost anywhere and doing almost anything. Though the boats had altered, the spirit of the crews remained unchanged.

AN instance occurred in December 1944, when a Canadian frigate was torpedoed in mid-Atlantic, over a thousand miles from land. With her pumps going hard, and collision mats over the side, she was valiantly towed to the Bristol Channel, where she anchored off Swansea, and appeared to be a successful item of salvage. But a furious gale brewed up with the suddenness characteristic of those waters. In a few minutes the frigate was helpless in a boiling surf.

Seeing her distress signals, The Mumbles Head lifeboat was immediately launched—the people of that neighbourhood have an outstanding record of courage—and roared off at full speed through the darkness and the smother of the storm. Forty-two officers and men comprised the frigate's crew ; forty-two officers and men were rescued. An officer who fell when jumping from the frigate to the lifeboat—which was swung hither and thither like a frenzied chip—was miraculously saved, thanks to the conspicuous gallantry and skill of Coxswain Gammon, in charge of the boat. (In places where the R.N.L.I. have established their invaluable stations, the Boat is always spoken of as if spelt with a capital B.)

Heroic Deeds in Dover Straits

The lifeboat was out for ten hours on that frigid December night, with the gale attaining hurricane force. The average age of its crew was 55—two men were over 70, two were in their 60's. The Senior Naval Officer at Swansea said the service was magnificent—and the Navy is not too swift to praise !

That was about the last rescue so far as the Royal Navy was concerned. One of the earliest happened off Dover on the morning of November 26, 1939, when H.M. Trawler Blackburn Rovers was on anti-submarine patrol in Dover Straits, guarding the many anchored ships in the Downs. A gale was snarling from the south-west and the Straits were ravaged by mountainous seas. A mile south of the South Sands beacon a wire fouled the trawler's propeller. Turns of the screw jammed the hawser so fast that it was impossible to free it ; the little ship became immediately helpless. Anchors were dropped—but they failed to hold ; and the furious wind was fast driving the hapless craft on to our own protective minefields.

It took an hour and a quarter's hard going on the part of the Dover boat, the Sir William Hillary, to reach the Blackburn Rovers, and the Sir William was like a half-tide rock all that time swept clean fore and aft. The trawler was in a precarious plight. She was actually on the edge of a deep minefield ; the evil things hemmed her in. It wasn't so much that the ship couldn't negotiate the field with a prospect of safety ; the trouble was that her dragging cables were likely to foul and explode one or more of the mines.

Having sensed the peril, the Dover boat had enlisted the help of Dover's Assistant King's Harbourmaster, who had brought a chart of the minefield aboard and accompanied the craft on her risky trip.

Ranging alongside the trawler the King's Harbourmaster instructed her skipper to pass over all secret papers and gear, and then, having salved his crew, to scuttle his command so that the remaining secret gear might not fall into enemy hands. Notwithstanding the fact that huge waves constantly broke over her, the lifeboat ranged close alongside, with live mines everywhere in the vicinity, and was held there in position, though she rolled so savagely that her mechanics could not stay at the engine controls.

The trawler rolled over on the lifeboat and damaged her. Any moment might bring the crash of an exploding mine, which would destroy both vessels. The work went on. All secret gear that was movable was transshipped. The crew of the trawler were hauled to safety. Although having a speed of 17 knots, the lifeboat could make only six on her homeward way. Constantly awash, rolling her rails under, the boat fought for three hours to reach Dover. The coxswain, newly recovered from a grave illness, felt the strain, surrendered the wheel to his assistant ; the boat went on. No wonder Coxswain Bryant was awarded the Institution's Silver Medal !

THE Southend boat was associated with a different kind of work a year later. On December 6, 1940, she was launched at 9.45 a.m. to help a distressed barge in the estuary. The usual sou'west gale blew hard, the sea was vicious. The crew did not realize it, but they were booked for 36 hours' continuous service. During this spell of work, the crews of six other barges and the crew of a steamer were salved or aided ; 12 men were rescued, two barges were towed into port. The day prior to this had been spent in a six-hour job in saving the barge Nelson and her crew.

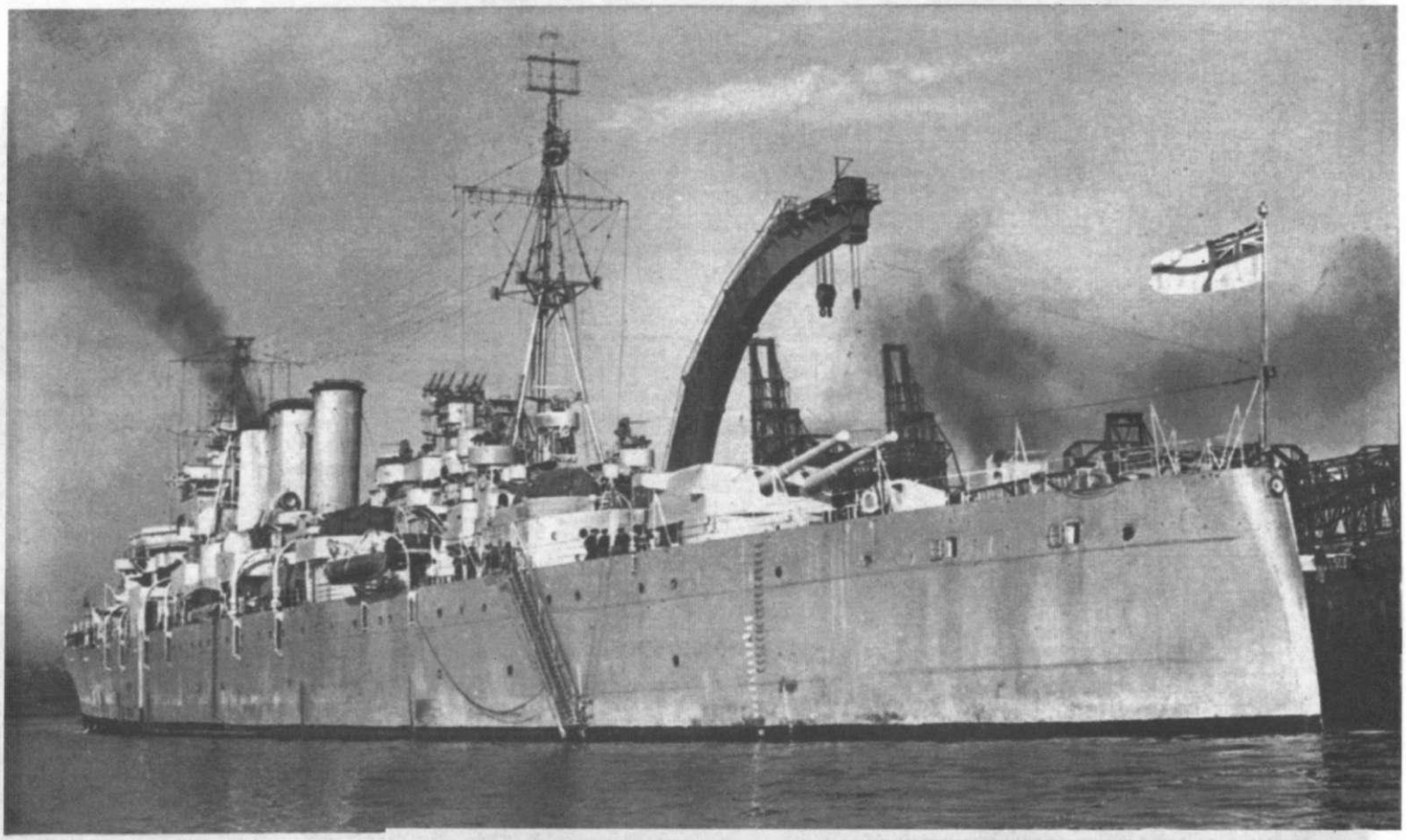
Over a thousand of the R.N.L.I.'s launches in the war went to the succour of airmen, shot down or crashed, in the open sea or among thick minefields. The U.S.A.A.F. considers its debt to the lifeboats almost irredeemable, so often did they pull spent American aviators from the "ditch."

For some time before D-Day 1944, the Institution's boats were actively engaged in aiding the landing-craft specially built for the landings, and which were constantly in difficulties. Inclement was the June of 1944. Over 80 men were saved during these launchings. After D-Day the lifeboats went out to the assistance of those giant sections of the Mulberry Harbours which encountered difficulties on their way across to Normandy. As an example, the Appledore boat chased a caisson that had got adrift for fully 30 miles, in hard weather, and rescued its crew.

The fact that our merchant craft were established in convoys did not ease the lifeboat's work, and not once during the whole bleak six years of war did a distress call go unanswered. When young men of the crews were called up for combatant service, old men promptly took their places.

HEROES OF OUR LIFEBOAT SERVICE were honoured on Oct. 25, 1945, when H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, President of the R.N.L.I., presented them with the Institution's gold medals for outstanding gallantry during the war. They are, left to right, Robert Cross, G.M., The Humber ; H. G. Bloggs, G.C., B.E.M., Cromer ; Lt. W. H. Dennison, C.G.M., R.N.V.R., Hartlepool ; J. B. McLean, Peterhead, Aberdeenshire ; W. J. Gammon, The Mumbles ; P. Murphy, Newcastle, Co. Down ; J. Boyle, Arranmore, Co. Donegal. *Photo, Fox*

The Ships and the Men Come Home



Greatest Adventure of All?

From battle in the Pacific to the peace of Home: the return of our seafarers bridges the tremendous gap and constitutes for them perhaps the greatest adventure of all. Among arrivals in late 1945 was the cruiser H.M.S. Devonshire (above) which docked—to the accompaniment of much excitement aboard and ashore—at Plymouth on November 30. On the quarter-deck (right) was Vice-Admiral Sir H. Bernard Rawlings, K.C.B., O.B.E., until late October second-in-command of the Pacific Fleet; he led the task force which bombarded the Japanese mainland in the spring and summer of 1945. On his left is his Chief-of-Staff, Acting Commodore J. P. L. Reid. Maybe their expressions relaxed as they watched the men stream ashore with turkeys and bananas and other good things from the East—for Christmas celebrations in their own homes.

Photos, P.A., Reuter

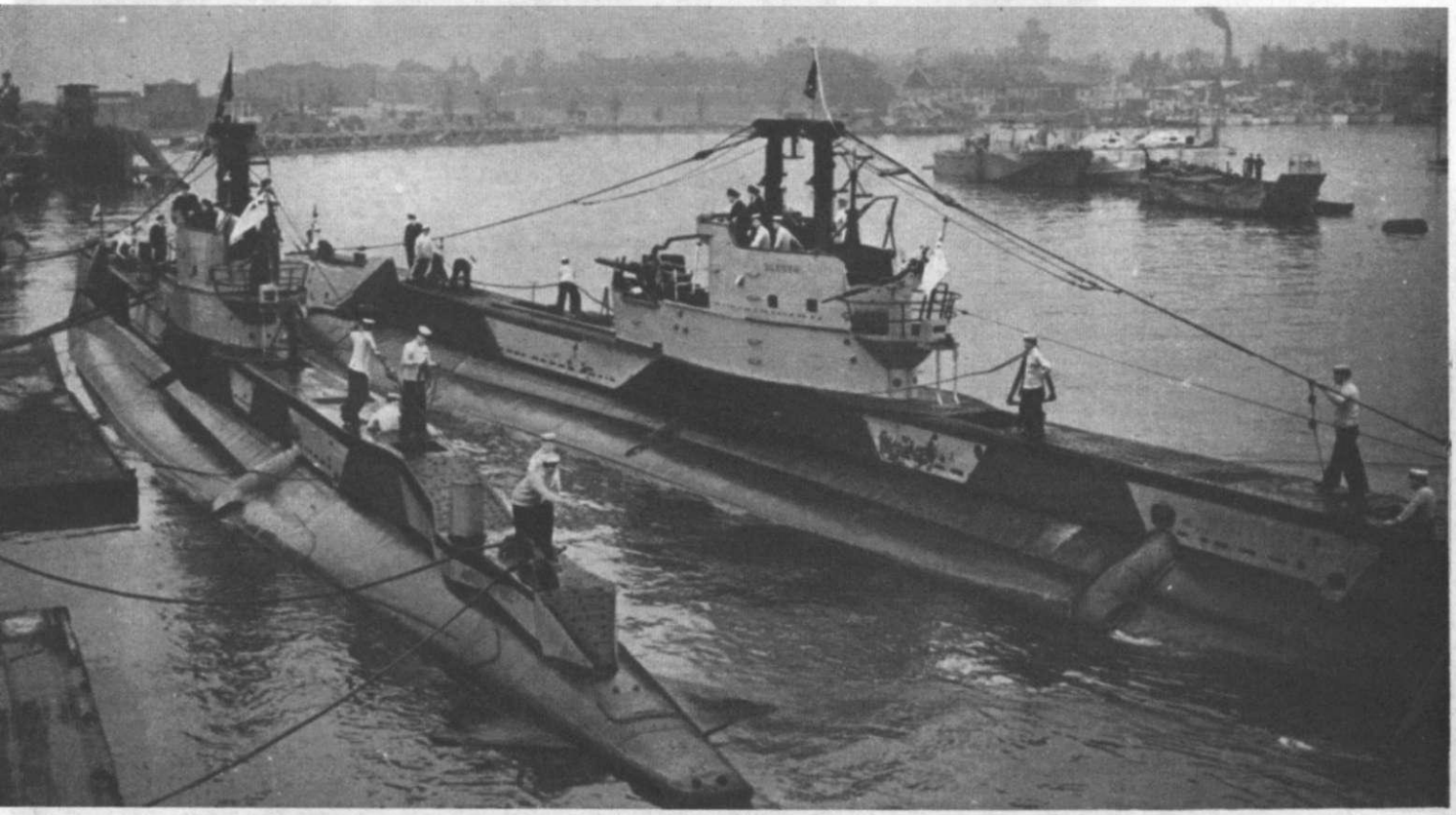
Nelson, Maidstone, Indomitable: Honoured Names—

On the long run from Singapore H.M.S. Nelson ploughs majestically through the Suez Canal (1), to enter Portsmouth Harbour (2) in November 1945 with close on 2,000 souls aboard (see also illus. in page 543). Formal surrender of the Italian Navy was signed in the Nelson, at Malta, on Sept. 29, 1943; at Penang, Jap envoys boarded her to negotiate the surrender of Singapore on Sept. 1, 1945. After five years' absence H.M.S. Maidstone (3) docked at Portsmouth on Dec. 11, 1945.

Photos, British Official, Planet News, G.P.U., The Daily Mirror

—Share the Joys of Homecoming Long Deferred

Many of the released P.O.W. whom the Maidstone carried were survivors of H.M.S. Exeter, of Battle of the Plate fame, which was sunk off Java on March 1, 1942. Enthusiastic receptions awaited all. Stoker P.O. Mulgrave (4) received his from Michael, who was only eight days old when father last saw him. Music by the Royal Marines Band in the after lift well of H.M.S. Indomitable (5) as she left Australia for the U.K. regaled the ship's company and passengers.



Brother Submariners Return With Their Commands

Photos, G.P.U.

The fortunes of war smiled on the commanders of H.M. Submarines Sleuth (above, right) and Solent seen together at Portsmouth in November 1945. Lieut.-Cmdr. K. H. Martin, of the Sleuth, boarded the Solent to greet his brother, Lieut.-Cmdr. J. D. Martin—home again after a year together in the Pacific. Ashore (bottom), welcomed by their wives, who are sisters: left to right, Mrs. K. H. Martin, Mrs. J. D. Martin with baby Richard, Lieut.-Cmdr. J. D., and his brother with baby Ben.

The Greatness of Dunkirk Revealed

A Review by HAMILTON FYFE

On May 24, 1940, London and the other big cities of Britain went about their business and their pleasure much as usual. The crowds in the streets did not look depressed or apprehensive. No one could possibly have guessed that their country was on the verge of a disaster unexampled in its history. They did not know of it themselves.

But if you had been allowed to listen to what was being said in the War Office and at the Admiralty, if you could have seen Prime Minister Winston Churchill's gloomy face when the latest news from France wa taken to him, you would have realized that the tidings must have been very bad indeed. And Mr. Churchill would have told you, had he discussed the situation of the British forces on the Continent, that still worse must be expected during the next few days. All he could hope for was that twenty or thirty thousand men might be brought back to England out of the 400,000 sent across the Channel to support the French. That was the view most of the naval and military authorities took on May 24, 1940.

Defeat Into Glorious Episode

Yet within a week more than three-quarters of the B.E.F. had been landed on English soil; only a rearguard remained on the other side of the Channel and there was every likelihood that this would be saved too (as it was). The miracle of Dunkirk had happened. Defeat had been turned, not into victory but into a glorious episode that will shine for ever in the history of war operations.

"Operation Dynamo" it was called, and the power which was generated by that tremendous effort of the human spirit not only rescued those hundreds of thousands of men who had retreated fighting to the Dunkirk beaches; it also put a new soul into the British nation. There was a "resurgence"—as A. D. Divine puts it in his stirring account of the whole affair, entitled Dunkirk (Faber, 15s.)—of national pride and national determination, a stiffening of will, a refusal to believe that we could possibly be beaten in the end. Mr. Divine seems to think that the miserable collapse of the French contributed to this result. We saw "the great and warlike tradition of that people buried in a deep and bitter dust." We knew that "the French High Command had demonstrated an inelasticity of mind that in itself was the death-warrant of France." We had heard the "fine phrases" in which French soldiers and statesmen proclaimed their unalterable resolve to stand firm, while many of them were actually preparing to scuttle the ship of State, making the best getaway for themselves that was possible and leaving us in the lurch.

All through the book Mr. Divine speaks severely, bitterly, of our former Allies. He records many incidents to show how at Dunkirk they made things more difficult. Their High Command persisted in its "strange refusal to consider realities" and could come to no decision about evacuating what remained of their northern armies. At the most critical moments Marshal Weygand sent messages to the British commander which were "empty and meaningless," with nothing in them but the love of a wordy flourish. French ships were not sent in any number to assist in clearing those beaches, almost ten miles of them "black from sand dunes to waterline with tens of thousands of men, standing in places up to their knees and waists in water, waiting for their turn to get into the pitiably few boats."

Even in those grim queues trouble was caused by French soldiers failing, in panic, to realize that boats overloaded capsize. One such crazy lot rushed an open motor-boat filled with British soldiers and then, instead of keeping very still and trimming the boat, moved about and sank it; all but the one man who told the story were drowned.

How patient and self-controlled men on the beaches were as a whole this book testifies on almost every page. It is a detailed description of what went on, day by day, from the time when the call went out for "anything that can float and propel itself" until the task for which they were summoned had been carried out. Nothing could be more convincing than the method Mr. Divine has adopted. He had the great advantage of being placed in possession by Mr. J. D. Casswell, K.C., of a large quantity of reports made by small-boat owners which at first it was intended to publish by themselves. Now we have something much more valuable, a comprehensive account of the rescue told as far as possible in their own words (taken from logs and official statements) by naval officers and skippers of all kinds of ships.

Mr. Divine says modestly that "the full story will never be told." Some of the records were lost when ships went down—the losses were heavy. Many records were never begun, since "men worked in the small ships in those days under the spur of a most desperate disaster. They worked, some of them, until they fell exhausted. They brought their ships home and collapsed in sleep. They had not time, they had not opportunity, they had not place in which to write."

The outstanding feature of the reports which are printed is their unimpassioned, purely matter-of-fact character. There is no suggestion that the writers were doing anything out of the common. Here is an example:

> I joined the Mona's Queen (as master) on May 28. I received orders to carry fresh water to Dunkirk and return with troops. Everything was uneventful until we reached to within about half a mile of Dunkirk, when the ship was mined and sank within two minutes, the survivors being rescued by the destroyer Vanquisher.

That vessel was a passenger steamer, like St. Seiriol, which carried peacetime trippers and holiday-makers to Llandudno, Colwyn Bay and Bangor. She went to Dunkirk with many of her regular crew. She worked under heavy bombing and in darkness on a strange and dangerous coast. She did boat work for which her men had not been specially trained on difficult and tricky beaches. From the captain's report you might think she was still plying from Liverpool down the Welsh coast.

> I got alongside the Mole in a very short time and embarked 600 soldiers and left the Mole about midnight. I went back to look for my lifeboats, but as they were being used to convey troops from the beach to other craft, I proceeded to Dover via the Calais route, as ordered by a destroyer. During the voyage I was again attacked by aircraft but got away without being hit.

The mention of water being taken to Dunkirk, in the former of these logs, shows how pitiful the plight of the men on the beaches had become. The waterworks of the town had been bombed. The troops had nothing to drink. They had been on half rations for many days, but thirst was worse than hunger. As for the Mole, to which the St. Seiriol had been moored, this was the only part of the fine harbour of Dunkirk which had been left usable by the Luftwaffe. The docks were "a mass of battered metal and broken walls; the basins were open to the tide; the gates wrecked and jammed; the cranes stood weakly on three legs or lay like stricken birds along the quays." With these intact, we could have embarked the B.E.F. without delay or difficulty. With only the Mole in service, "a narrow pile plankway barely wide enough for three men to walk abreast, which had not been designed for ships to berth against," the perils and postponements were hard indeed to overcome.

Mr. ARTHUR DURHAM DIVINE, author of the book reviewed here. At Dunkirk he won the D.S.M. for his part in assisting the evacuation of the B.E.F.

To Carry On Freedom's Fight

They would have been worse if the weather had been against us. It did not exactly favour us, but it might have been less favourable. "One great gale at the height of the beach work would have cost us 30,000 men." But even a little wind, which would not have bothered a swimmer, was "little short of disaster to men handling water-logged craft over-weighted with exhausted soldiers, and to men rowing heavy ships' boats for the first time or handling long sweeps without previous experience."

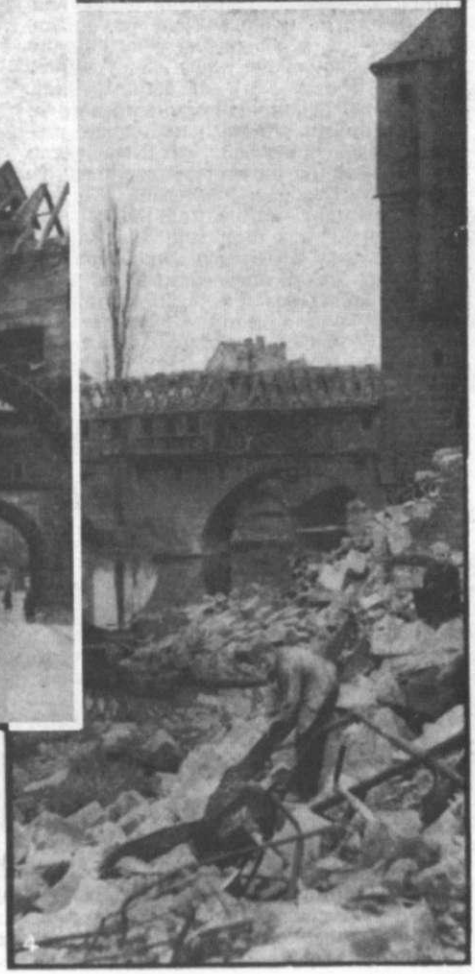
As the days passed, signs of unbearable strain began to appear in a good many ships. Yet the great mass of the rescuers stood up to their job magnificently. Especially grim was the ordeal of the engine-room men.

> They worked deep in the ships, at the bottom of long, frail ladders that had a tendency to jar off or smash when bombs hit. They worked in absolute blindness, for all the brilliance of their electric light, feeling only the shaking of the ship, the concussion of the bombs outside, the thud and clang of the splinters against the plating . . . Throughout the operation the self-sacrifice and devotion of engineers and stokers is beyond praise, as it is beyond description.

An equal tribute must be paid to all who took part in saving the 337,000 men who were taken off the beaches and brought back "to carry on the fight for freedom." It was a combined effort, a pull-hard-all-together struggle, in which large numbers of the civil population joined with the Navy, the Army and Air Force to cheat a very clever and energetic enemy of the decisive result he expected from his swift over-running of France, Belgium and Holland.

Not only expected, but was foolish enough to announce. "The B.E.F. is trapped, annihilated," boasted the German radio. Mr. Divine's book shows how that fate was averted and the B.E.F. saved.

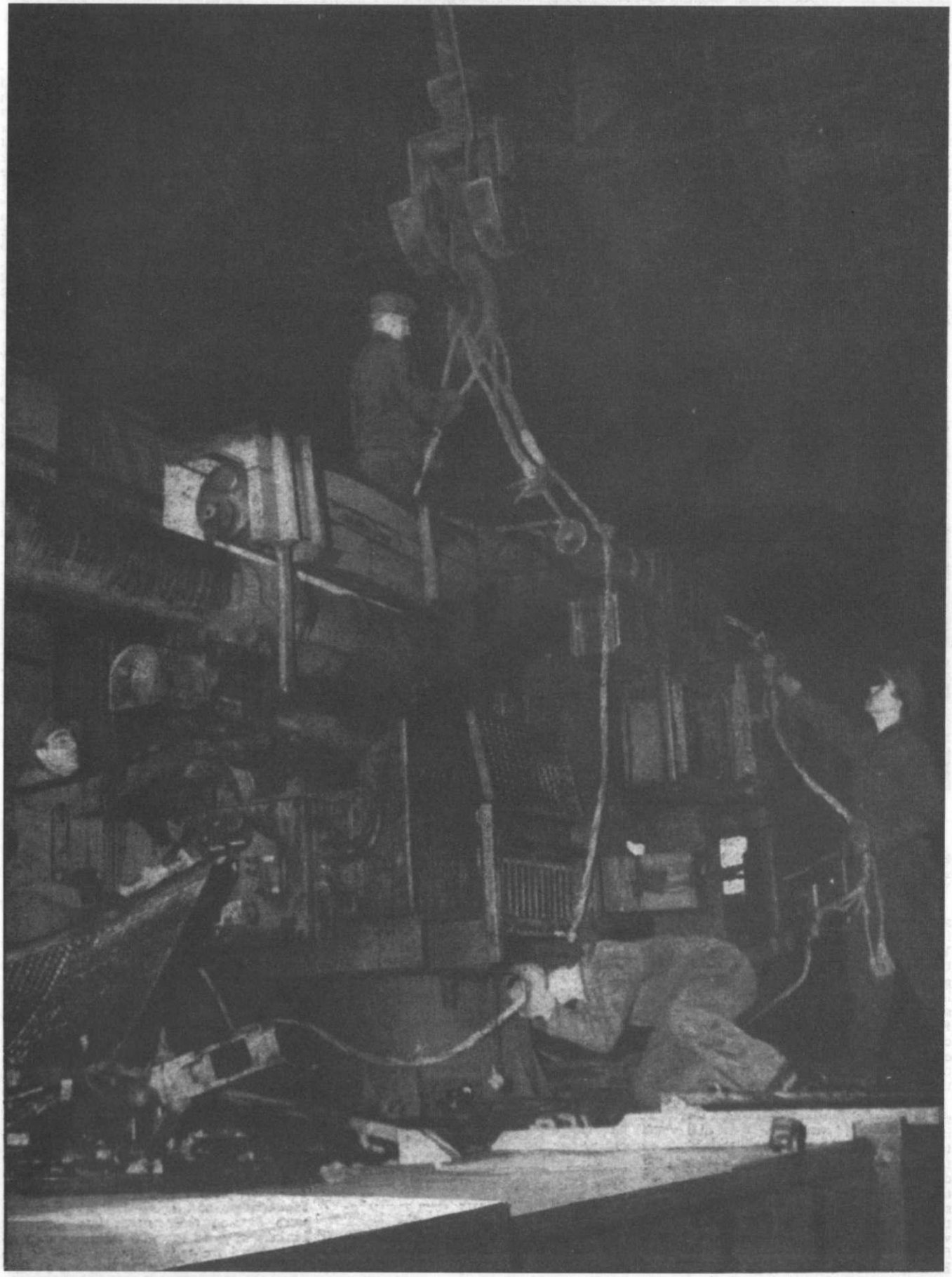
Nuremberg Where Nazi War Lords are Arraigned



SCENE OF HITLER'S PARTY RALLIES, and once the loveliest of Bavaria's medieval cities. Nuremberg now stands a desolate memorial to shattered German aspirations of world domination. On January 2, 1945, it was heavily pounded in a 20-minute "cascade raid" by the R.A.F. Ruins at "Hangman's Bridge" (1, left), spanning the Pegnitz. On the moated outskirts of the old city is this tower and half-ruined gate (2). St. Lorenz Church (3), begun in 1274. A homeless Nuremberger (4) salvages scrap with which to rebuild his house. See also pages 512, 559-562.

Photos, Planet News

Hermann-Goering Salvage for the Melting Pot



AT THE EXTENSIVE HERMANN-GOERING WORKS near Brunswick operations by No. 34 Field Salvage Unit are in full swing. Here a German 12-ton gun is about to be hoisted by overhead crane for breaking up. In the British zone material already salved ranges from bullets to 20-ton tanks, from old clothes to aero-engines. The main problem is to reduce the metal to sizes suitable for transport abroad, thousands of tons of steel being shipped to Britain each week. *Photo, British Official*

Teapot Revolution Maintained the Troops' Morale

" Half the Army lives on tea " was an opinion expressed by Field-Marshal Sir Henry Maitland Wilson when G.O.C.-in-C. in Egypt. In recognition of which—and of many complaints—experts were called in during the war to raise the standard of its making. This sidelight on one factor which helped to achieve victory is by FRANK HUNTLY.

WHEN the Tipperary Club in Cairo closed its doors for the last time in the autumn of 1945, it had served nearly 8,000,000 cups of tea to the troops in five-and-a-half years. Its fame had spread throughout the Middle East and to England, where returning troops advised newcomers to the Middle East to call at " The Tip " for a good cup of tea.

This, be it noted, was *tea*—not the brew that for years had masqueraded under the name, the butt of music-hall comedians, the soldier's favourite grouse, a joke and a bad one at that. Tea-making for the Army had, indeed, come to such a pass that something really had to be done about it. It was not fitting that the national beverage should be inferior for the troops. The Empire Tea Bureau thought along these lines and placed some constructive proposals before the Y.M.C.A. at the beginning of the war.

Soon several mobile canteens, with expert staffs and up-to-date equipment, were functioning so effectively under the wing of the Y.M.C.A. that within months 1,700 " mobiles " were making regular calls on isolated gun posts and barrage balloon sites. A fine little concentration of these superbly fitted shops on wheels followed the B.E.F. into France in 1939, carrying cakes, chocolate, cigarettes, boot polish, free notepaper. On each canteen was a posting-box ; there was a clothes repair service and unlimited cups of the best tea the Army had ever tasted.

When evacuation became inevitable, the staffs of these mobiles, with their ingenious insulated urns (" Multipots "), fed and tea-ed the troops all the way to Dunkirk, tea-ed them on the beaches ; then burned their canteens, crossed to Dover and served tea to the soldiers as they disembarked on this side. They expected to cater for a few thousand men ; on the first day they serviced 2,000 ; on the second 62,000. Within a few days they had cared for over 330,000 British, French and Belgian troops. It meant requisitioning the town hall, the services of all the bakers on the Kent coast and every woman in Dover.

Hitherto, mobiles had been the more urgent need ; now Empire Tea Bureau-trained tea-makers were asked to apply their art to the static Y.M.C.A. canteens. Soon the difference between the Y.M.C.A. brews and those in the canteens of N.A.A.F.I. (largest tea dispensers in the world) became the subject of fresh complaint from soldiers who sampled both. The War Office, appreciating the situation, were willing that the experiment which had succeeded with the one should be tried in the other. Representatives were appointed to every Command; they inspected the canteens, gave advice, lectures and demonstrations. Within three years they had visited over 3,000 N.A.A.F.I. establishments and instructed nearly 40,000 manageresses and charge hands.

EVERYTHING STOPS FOR TEA—even the mule—as shown by this photograph of an Indian soldier serving with a mule company of the Royal Indian Army Service Corps, at a Y.M.C.A. tea-car. How the Empire Tea Bureau and the War Office contrived an astonishing transformation in the beverage is told here. See also facing page. *Photo, Current Affairs*

Complaints of N.A.A.F.I. tea dwindled to nil, for district meetings and constant inspection by N.A.A.F.I.'s official tea advisers insured that training in tea consciousness, once given, remained. What, in brief, did this training amount to?

As in most matters, its basis was pains and common sense, yet these needed the organizing hand of the expert before they were adequately mobilized. Good tea may depend mainly on the tea-maker, but it needs also the right equipment, scrupulous cleanliness and correct storage. The Chinese, first tea-drinkers in the world, discovered that freshly drawn, fiercely boiling water was the first fundamental of good tea—a simple but golden rule, seldom by us obeyed to the letter. Half the justifiable complaints of N.A.A.F.I. tea were traced to under-boiled water. Maintenance is equally important—furring-up retards boiling, and urns have a habit of imparting a distasteful metallic tang to the brew if they are not drained thoroughly dry when not in use.

" One day the tea is good, another awful." This was a common complaint. One tea-maker would do the job conscientiously, another would pile tea, sugar and milk into the urn, repeatedly adding more water till the stewed liquor was no longer bearable—if it ever had been ! Adding new tea to old was another habit, with horrid effects on flavour. The rule " warm the pot " applies to urns as much as to teapots ; boiling water striking a cold lining loses heat and will not produce proper infusion. Milk must be added at the last possible moment before service. If it has to be tinned milk, then it should be remembered that its flavour is unduly accentuated by under-infusion ; an extra fifteen minutes makes all the difference. Tea is a sensitive plant. Susceptible to damp, the leaf quickly absorbs moisture and, with it, any odours from strong-smelling commodities stored near by. Thus storage needs careful planning.

N.A.A.F.I.'s 14,000,000 Cups a Day

From Iceland to Australia these and a few more precious precepts in good tea-making were painstakingly planted in Services canteens, bringing a new-born significance to " a good old English cup of tea." The same axioms are behind the augmented and strengthened buffet service which supplies the brews in every B.A.O.R. leave train, behind the pints poured into every P.O.W. as he steps ashore from the repatriation ship. The repatriated soldier who used to curse the browned-off brew that the Institutes of old palmed off on him, now blesses the generous " Naffy " which hands out free cake, sandwiches, chocolate, cigarettes, newspaper, and piping hot mugs of A1 tea.

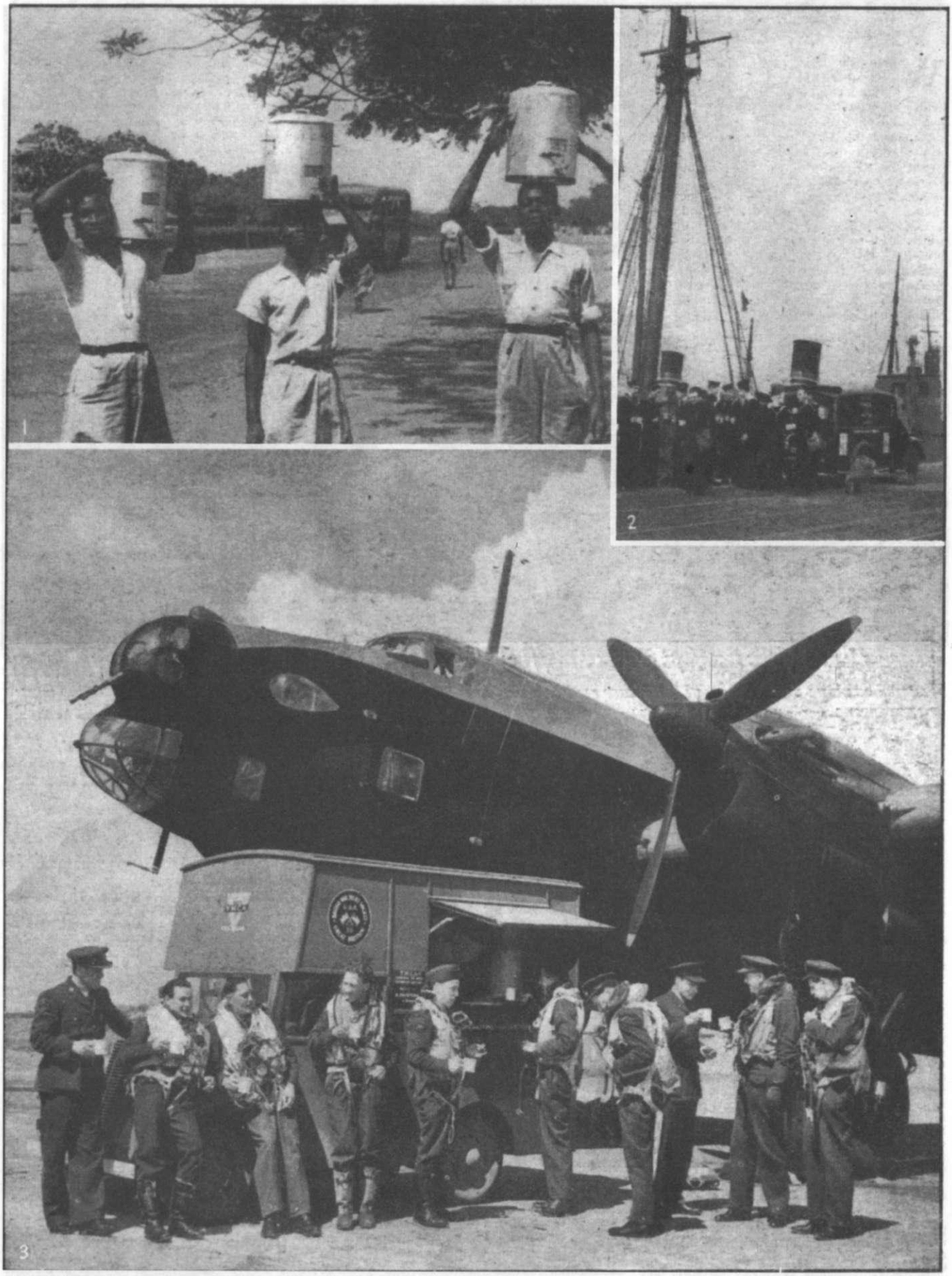
It has been no path of roses, this joint enterprise to insure that N.A.A.F.I. tea shall be good and recognized as such by the fighting forces. Bureau representatives have made thousands of visits of inspection to Institutes throughout Britain. Action following the issue of detailed questionnaires to Naffy's six or seven thousand canteens has entailed also thousands of lectures, demonstrations, personal and individual instructions ; an immense amount of travel and office administration.

THE chief concern has been quality, but it is not hard to imagine what a problem is the consistent quality-inoculation of N.A.A.F.I.'s 14,000,000 cups of tea a day. There is a wealth of delicacy involved in such oft-occurring duties as telling some Dowager Duchess, voluntary helper at So-and-So Y.M.C.A. canteen, that she is making the tea the wrong—the old—way. Disappointments crop up, too, as when G.I.s, given their favourite coffee, thanked the canteen manageress for a nice cup of tea !

Eisenhower Pulled the Strings

Britons normally put away well over half of India and Ceylon's total annual production of more than 300,000 tons of tea. Thus, to the average Englishman, tea is of greater importance than it might have seemed to General Eisenhower when he was told of some little discontent at his advance command post : the British boys who maintained the signals communications at the camp were not getting their tea. The American Army rations, excellent as they were, provided only coffee. General Eisenhower, with characteristic attention to detail, promptly pressed a few buttons, pulled a few strings, and soon the British troops were dipping their noses into steaming beakers of good tea with their meals. And now, lifted from its old-time low to the high plane which helped to keep the Forces' morale at victory level, the better brew should find its way to civvy street—to railways, factories, offices, homes.

They Also Served Who Brewed the Perfect 'Cup'



THROUGHOUT THE WORLD the British fighting men's cup of tea stimulated them to final victory. As told in the facing page, never before had the distribution (and brew) of our national beverage been so well organized. Urns on their heads, native "boys" (1) set off to deliver it piping hot to forces stationed in jungle clearings in West Africa. At home, mobile canteens were ready to serve naval ratings (2) just ashore from patrol, as well as bombing crews about to take off (3).

Photos, Current Affairs, Associated Press

Foreign Ministers in Agreement at Moscow

MR. JAMES F. BYRNES, U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE, TOASTED MR. ERNEST BEVIN, Britain's Foreign Minister (left), while Mr. V. M. Molotov, Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, looked on, as the Moscow Conference, from December 16-26, 1945, drew to its satisfactory close. The Foreign Ministers of the Three Great Powers had met in accordance with the decision of the Crimea Conference (see pages 682-683, Vol. 8), confirmed at Potsdam, that there should be periodic consultation between them. Their far-reaching decisions are outlined below. *Photo, L.N.A.*

OUTSTANDING among the agreements reached by the Foreign Ministers in Moscow—announced on December 28, 1945—was that relating to the future use of atomic energy. This vital subject had produced strong reactions in the Soviet Press and threatened to become a cause of misunderstanding between Russia and her western Allies. As a result of the discussions, Russia accepted the Washington proposals to set up under the United Nations Organization a Commission to control atomic energy.

The General Assembly of the United Nations, meeting in London in January 1946, was invited to establish this Commission which would have as its main tasks (1) To make proposals for eliminating from national armaments all atomic weapons and all other major weapons adaptable to mass destruction ; (2) to make recommendations, " with the utmost dispatch," for the exchange for peaceful ends of basic scientific information between the United Nations ; (3) to make proposals for effective safeguards, by way of inspection and other means, to protect complying States against the hazards of violations and evasions ; and (4) to make proposals for controlling atomic energy to the extent necessary to ensure its use only for peaceful purposes.

The Commission is to be composed of one representative from each of those States represented on the Security Council and Canada when that State is not a member of the Security Council.

Far Eastern Commission

WITH the full agreement of China a Far Eastern Commission is to be set up, replacing the Far Eastern Advisory Commission. The new body will have its headquarters in Washington and will be composed of representatives of Britain, the United States, Russia, China, France, the Netherlands, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, and the Philippines Commonwealth. The Commission will not make recommendations with regard to the conduct of military operations nor with regard to territorial adjustments. It will respect existing control machinery in Japan, including the chain of command from the United States Government to the Supreme Commander (General MacArthur) and the Supreme Commander's command of occupation forces. Its main task will be to formulate the policies, principles and standards by which the fulfilment by Japan of its obligations under the terms of surrender may be accomplished.

Allied Council For Japan

WITH the Supreme Commander as chairman and U.S. representative, an Allied Council for Japan is to be established. It will be composed, in addition, of one representative of Russia, one of China, and a member representing jointly the United Kingdom, Australia, New Zealand and India. The Council will consult with and advise the Supreme Commander in the carrying out of the terms of surrender and the occupation and control of Japanese territory.

The Council, with headquarters at Tokyo, will meet " not less often than once every two weeks." The Supreme Commander shall issue all orders for the implementation of the terms of surrender, the occupation and control of Japan, and directives supplementary thereto, and will be the sole executive authority for the Allied Powers in Japan.

Korea as an Independent State

WITH a view to the re-establishment of Korea as an independent State, and creation of conditions for developing the country on democratic principles, there shall be set up a provisional Korean Democratic Government " which shall take all the necessary steps for developing the industry, transport and agriculture of Korea and the national culture of the Korean people." To assist in this task there shall be established a joint] commission consisting of representatives of the United States Command in Southern Korea and the Soviet Command in Northern Korea.

The Future of China

THE Foreign Ministers agreed on the need for a united and democratic China under the National Government. At the request of the Chinese Government, withdrawal of Soviet forces has been postponed until February 1946. American forces are to be withdrawn " as soon as the terms of the Japanese surrender have been carried out." The Foreign Ministers reaffirmed their adherence to the policy of non-interference in the internal affairs of China.

Rumania and Bulgaria

IN south-eastern Europe important agreements were also reached. With regard to Rumania, the three Allied Governments are to advise King Michael on the " broadening " of the Rumanian Government, and when it has been " satisfactorily broadened " it will be recognized by Britain and the United States. The King has been advised that one member of the National Peasant Party and one member of the Liberal party should be included in the Government. Thus reconstituted, the Government is to declare that free and unfettered elections will be held as soon as possible on the basis of universal and secret ballot, and proclaim freedom of the Press, speech, religion and association. As regards Bulgaria, the Soviet is to give " friendly advice " to the Government for broadening the " Government of the Fatherland " now being formed. As soon as Britain and the United States are convinced that this advice has been accepted they will recognize the Bulgarian Government.

Treaties with Axis and Satellite Powers

IT was agreed that the treaty with Italy should be drawn up by the British, U.S., Soviet and French deputies ; the treaties with Rumania, Bulgaria and Hungary by the American, British and Soviet deputies ; and the treaty with Finland by the British and Soviet deputies. These draft treaties are to be submitted to a " peace conference " consisting of the Big Five and other United Nations " which actively waged war with substantial forces " against the European ex-enemy States. This conference will be called not later than May 1, 1946.

I Was There!

Eye Witness Stories of the War and After

How Two V.C.s Were Won Under a Jap Cruiser

Lieut. Ian E. Fraser, R.N.R., of Farnham Common, Bucks., and Leading Seaman James J. Magennis, of Belfast, were each awarded the V.C. for the parts they played in a midget submarine attack on the Japanese cruiser Takao in the Johore Strait, Singapore, in July 1944. They returned to England in December 1945, and this is Lieut. Fraser's story.

WE started out to attack the cruiser off Borneo, 450 miles from Singapore. Our midget submarine was towed by another submarine, and what is known as a "passage crew" manned the craft until we were getting close to the area. When we changed crews, the operational crew was passed across in a rubber dinghy and the passage crew went back to the escorting submarine. The tow was slipped and we set off on a 35-mile trip before going up the Johore Strait. We knew there were mines and a listening post—and we went into the minefields rather than chance coming within range of the listening post.

We were approaching the boom on the surface in the darkness when we came on a Japanese ship escorted by a small vessel that passed so close to us that we were forced to dive. Continuing under water we found, when daylight came, that we had been sitting on a Japanese controlled minefield for more than an hour!

At 10.30 a.m. we passed the "gate"—an old vessel on which I could see Japs running about, although they did not suspect our presence. Ten miles above the boom vessel we sighted the Takao. She was very well camouflaged if one looked at her against the background of the land, and she was very close inshore.

WE started our first attack, but it was a failure as the cruiser was in such shallow water that we ran bang up against her side and could not get under her hull. Amidships, there was a hole that registered 24 ft., and out of which it was very difficult to get.

A boat full of Jap sailors going ashore passed within 25 yards of us, but we were not detected. Our craft scraped along the bottom, and Leading Seaman Magennis went out and placed in position six limpets (small mines carrying a hundred pounds of explosives) in half an hour. All the time he was at work his oxygen bag was leaking and sending up a stream of bubbles, which was very disturbing. The water was so clear that I am sure we could have been seen if any Jap sailor had looked over the side. Leading Seaman Magennis returned to the craft, having had to scrape away a lot of seaweed in order to fix his limpets. He was fairly exhausted, but when we had trouble with our mine carrier he went out again to free it in 14 ft. of water.

When we were clear, we broke surface about a mile from the cruiser. Later, submerged, we successfully passed the "gate" again. We found our towing submarine without any trouble. There were two other members of the crew, Sub.-Lieut. J. L. Smith, R.N.Z.N.V.R., who sat on the hydroplanes for 17½ hours, and Engine-room Artificer Reid, of Portsmouth, who was steering the boat for 30 hours. Smith received the D.S.O. and Reid the C.G.M.

The charges went up when we were about fifteen miles from the cruiser. We know that a hole sixty ft. long was torn in the bottom of the Takao. After Singapore was retaken I went on board the cruiser and met some of the Japs who were in her when the explosion took place. They would not tell us how many casualties there were.

To his Commanding Officer's story Magennis, who was one of the crews in the midget submarine attack on the Tirpitz, added:

"What was in my mind all the time I was doing the job was, 'At last, after all the preparation, I have my hands on an enemy hull!'"

AMONG WARSAW'S RUINS a flower-seller manages to erect a booth for her wares and give colour to the drab wreckage. See story, below, of Poland in 1945.

In Poland I Saw a Grim Battle for Life

Returned from Warsaw, and other towns and villages of Poland, in December 1945, where he investigated the prevailing conditions on behalf of the Friends' Service Council—who plan to send out a Relief Unit—Frederick Tritton gives below the thought-provoking impressions of his visit.

TRAYS of boiled potatoes to be eaten on the spot, offered by street vendors shivering in cold drizzle, is the first thing we notice as we drive in a shaky lorry into Warsaw. There is little buying and selling in the orthodox meaning of the word. Much of the daily business is done by barter.

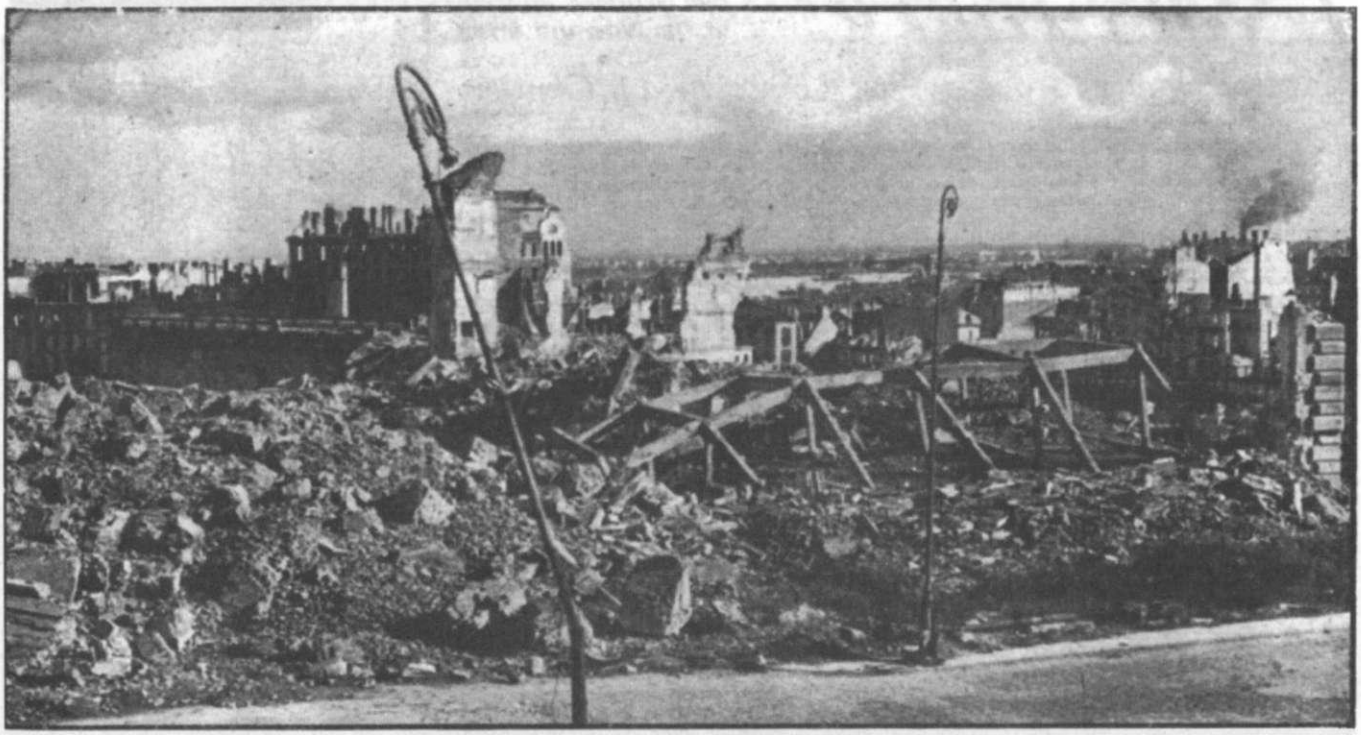
The cost of the meal we were given at the Hotel Polonia, which is the centre for most foreign visitors in Warsaw, was not less than 300 zloty—"the equivalent of my salary for three days!" explained the woman doctor who accompanied us.

As we were passing through street after street of ruins I asked our doctor-companion, "How far is it to the inhabited part of Warsaw?" She replied, "We are in the inhabited part! In fact, this is its main street, Marszalkowska. And below these ruins, in the damp cellars and dark basements, are living the people of Warsaw!"

I discovered that many people were, quite literally, living in caves, without bed-linen or proper clothing. The doctor herself had no change of underwear. In such conditions T.B., typhus, V.D. and dysentery spread quickly. Epidemics are raging. Twenty-five per cent of the students are suffering from T.B. and many of the children are diseased. I saw youngsters, dressed in rags, scratching themselves incessantly to ease the intolerable irritation of lice. Medical supplies, of American origin, cannot be distributed because of inadequate communications. There are few ambulances, and in any case most of the roads in autumn are almost impassable by any form of traffic.

Many of the villages and small towns are replicas of Warsaw. We clambered over the ruins of what had been a pleasant country town and found that in one cellar two families of seven people had to crowd for sleeping. The cooking was done outside. A woman came out who was expecting a baby. With tears in her eyes she complained bitterly of the damp which had brought on rheumatism.

CONGRATULATIONS FOR TWO NAVAL V.C.s on their arrival from Australia in December 1945 included a handshake from Lieut. the Hon. Frederick Shore, D.S.C., R.N.R., leader of a division of M.T.B.s. The V.C.s, whose story is told above, are Lt. Ian E. Fraser, R.N.R. (left), and Leading Seaman James J. Magennis. *Photo, Central Press*



RUINS OF WARSAW'S ROYAL CASTLE stand forlornly amidst unrecognizable wreckage. Poland still suffers—as described in the accompanying story—and at the close of 1945 Warsaw was described by its Mayor as "a capital in a city which no longer exists." On the Vistula's west bank only eighteen per cent of the buildings were left undamaged.

Her family, like all the others there, lived on potatoes and water. They have no bread, because the corn was not harvested during the fighting. Her husband's hand was injured; the fingers had been torn away when he, with other peasants, had been trying to remove mines from the fields. So many of them were injured that they had to give up the attempt. No medical help of any sort was available in this locality.

Everything in Poland seems to be improvised. Goods-trains carry passengers, and owing to the lack of locomotives one sees horse-drawn single carriages along the tracks. Personal belongings are very scarce. The whole of the Lublin University has to rely on one clock; none of the students or professors has a watch. More serious is the need for bandages and medical dressings—which are made of rags. Sanitation and water supply depend upon absolutely primitive improvisation. Lorries, used instead of buses, are supplied by the Soviet Union.

So with housing. Russia is supplying prefabricated wooden houses and has offered to pay half the cost of rebuilding Warsaw. The first trolley-buses which are expected are of Russian origin. And although the Russians are giving so much material help to Poland I saw no signs of any interference in the day-to-day administration of the country. As we travelled, we dealt only with Polish authorities. If our lorry was stopped, it was always a Polish policeman (often a girl with a rifle slung over her shoulder) who examined our passes, and not a Red Army man. All public offices appear to be in Polish hands. We were left quite free to go wherever we chose, and to look at anything we wished to see.

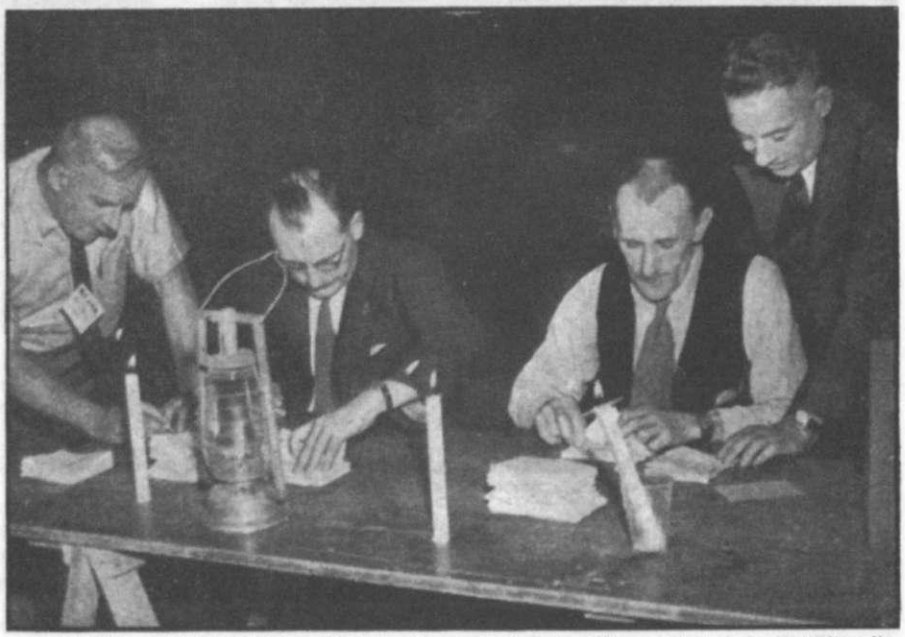
Nightfall in Poland does not bring rest for her suffering people. To them it only means that another day of hunger and cold is approaching. And darkness brings out gangs of bandits and looters. The Red Army garrisons help in the rounding up of these gangs. It seems that all these conditions have produced two reactions among the people. Some have become apathetic and despondent and can see no farther than the terrible present. Others feel that the existing difficulties are a challenge to them to build a new Poland in which life will be better than it ever was before.

At the End of the World's Longest Ocean Hop

War correspondent Alan Moorehead "dropped in" on Sydney, in mid-December 1945, and found it to be a place which to the average Englishman might represent the ultimate bliss on earth. He found there also an echo of the universal unrest. His cable is reprinted from The Daily Express.

WHEN you first arrive in Australia by air you come down on the north-eastern corner at a place called Learmonth, and it is exactly like the Western Desert where the Eighth Army fought. We had been flying for hours and hours—actually 15½—over the open sea from Colombo. It is the longest ocean hop in the world, and as you sit there in that awful immensity of space, you cannot stop yourself from listening desperately to the rhythm of the motors.

The sun comes up like a drunkard's bloodshot eye over Colombo, and there you will sit all day flying over the Equator with absolutely nothing but sea and sky around you for 3,000 miles. You read, you eat, and you peer out of the window at nothing. Then the tropic sunset comes down with a theatrical wallop and everything turns jet black. This one lighted tin box goes on through the night until at last, with enormous pleasure, you see the beam of a lighthouse



SIDELIGHT ON LIFE IN SYDNEY during the strike (see story) is provided by these "tellers" in the Neutral Bay by-election counting votes by the aid of hurricane lamps and candles. The New South Wales Electoral Commissioner managed to round up sixty lamps and half a hundredweight of candles for the occasion. *Photo. Associated Press*

stabbing out from the Australian coast. Every time we tried to land on the flare path a sharp cross-wind flung us aside, and in the end we were forced to cruise round for two hours waiting for dawn. Now here we sit in the blistering desert, and it is Alamein and Tobruk all over again ; the escarpment, the rose-coloured rocky sand, the scuttling lizards, the warm listless sea, the timbered huts, the flies, and the airmen walking about in khaki shorts.

Now at first sight this does not make any sense, and it might even make you angry. Here is a place which, to the average Englishman (let alone a Frenchman or a German), might represent the ultimate bliss on earth. Steak for dinner, as much as you want. Fresh pineapples, 8d. each. Eggs, 1s.10d. a dozen. Lavish American cars all over the town—and it is a lovely town. Shoes and clothing galore in the shops, and unbelievably cheap. Sunshine and yellow sandy beaches only a quarter of an hour away from the town. A basic wage of nearly £5 a week and employment for everybody.

Civilization Nearing Standstill

Now, suddenly this week the people take hold of this delectable way of living and smash it to bits. The country goes out on strike. Result : Practically no gas to cook with so you eat cold meals. The electricity rapidly giving out so you eat by dingy candlelight, and the trams running on half schedule may stop altogether next week.

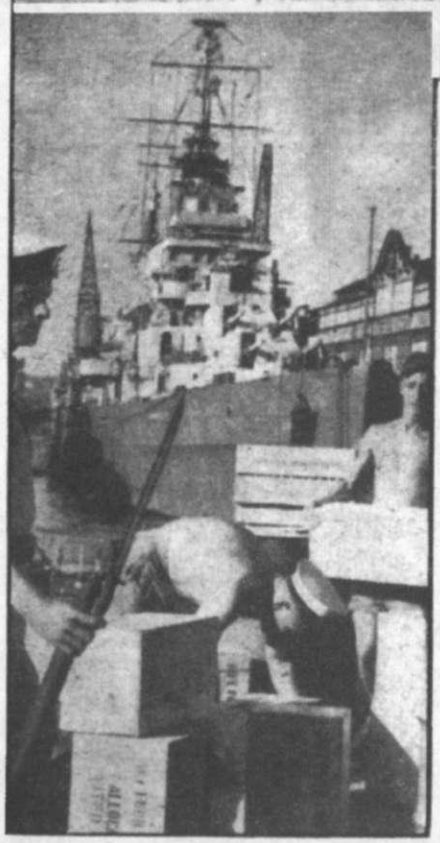
There are frantic crowds trying to get on the inter-State trains. Hundreds of thousands of men out of work. Shops and factories are shutting. All civilization is running down to a standstill, and unless something is done soon, Australians will just have to go native. Nothing as bad as this ever hit them in the war. I trudged gloomily round the city looking (a) for a drink, (b) for a packet of cigarettes, and (c) for a meal.

Failing in all three I took a ferry across the harbour to the local Blackpool or Coney Island. Had a certain amount of mordant pleasure at one of the booths hurling wooden balls at a target. Each time you hit the bullseye a show-girl, sitting on a trap door in a bathing dress, was plunged into a tank of water. Had to walk to my bed in a friend's flat—no money on earth will get you an hotel room in Sydney. Must try to find out what the strike is about tomorrow . . .

Well, here it is—and I can only ask you to believe it. A worker known as a valveman in one of the foundries was ordered by the foreman to become a lidman, which is an inferior status. The valveman refused and his union went on strike. Then the miners went on strike in sympathy. Union after union joined in, and now it is pretty well a general strike all over Australia.

THAT is the official story. One man started it all and nine-tenths of the Australians have not the slightest idea of what a valveman or a lidman is. Clearly this one suddenly notorious man is no more than the spark of the strike—the real tinder of the trouble lies deeper. This is not a strike for better conditions. The Australian worker enjoys conditions such as are still undreamed of in England.

Apart from his cheap butter and eggs and fixed rentals, he has a fortnight's paid holidays, high rates of pay, and a relatively short working week, which may soon be reduced to 40 hours. The real reason of the strike is this—the Communist Party, already very strong in Australia, has decided to try its power against the Government and the more conservative political groups. I lunched today with one of the Communist organizers and he saw the issue in an even stronger light. "This," he said, "is a show-down between Communism and Fascism."



FOOD FOR BRITAIN left Sydney Town Hall (above) by lorry for the docks, where it was loaded by Naval ratings (left) on board H.M.S. Nepal. This was part of the city's campaign on behalf of the Mother Country, inaugurated in November 1945. *Photos, Planet News*

I protested that there was not much outward evidence of Fascism in this workers' country, but he seemed to find dictators practically peeping out from under the plush chairs from which we were eating our oysters, roast beef and fruit salad. On one point I did agree with him. "Because conditions are so much better in Australia than in England that is no reason why we should not still go on trying to improve them here." On the following day I flew to Melbourne, which is equally gripped by the strike. The thing that maddens people most is the slightly unfair story in the papers that many of the miners and other strikers have already gone off in their cars to their Christmas camps by the sea and the lakes. These camps are alleged to be lavish affairs fitted with cinemas, ice-boxes and sports grounds, and the strikers have declared they have no intention of going back to work before the New Year, whether the strike is finished or not. The Right wing makes one other point : only a small minority of the unions turned up at the meetings which voted for the strike.

Engrossed in Its Local Problems

Further researches reveal these points—there is a thriving black market in Australia, especially in cigarettes, which are practically unobtainable. Beer is extremely hard to get, gin relatively easy. There is some wine. The pubs close by law at 6 p.m., which has the deplorable and maddening effect on the population of making them drink as much and as quickly as possible each evening before it is too late. As a promoter of drunkenness this law has no equal.

Everywhere I find sympathy and kindness towards Britain. Every State has its "Food for Britain" campaign. But this is an isolated nation, engrossed in its own local problems. I am surrounded by the most beautiful and fertile country, which is almost empty. It could support British immigrants in a life they have never dreamed of. Maybe immigration is the answer to the whole thing—strikes and all.

★=*As The Years Went By—Notable Days in the War*=★

1940

January 8. *Food rationing (sugar, bacon and butter only) introduced in Britain.*

January 13. *R.A.F. in longest reconnaissance raid to date dropped leaflets on Vienna and Prague.*

1941

January 15. *Bardia surrendered to Wavell's troops ; 30,000 Italians taken prisoner.*

January 10. *Cruiser Southampton lost, aircraft carrier Illustrious damaged, in Axis air attacks in the Sicilian Channel.*

January 18. *Dive-bombing of Malta began.*

1942

January 10. *Japanese invaded Celebes Islands.*

1943

January 12. *Conquest of Fezzan completed by Free French from Chad under Gen. Leclerc.*

January 14. *Roosevelt and Churchill met at Casablanca, French Morocco, to plan the "unconditional surrender" of the enemy.*

1944

January 11. *Ciano and other ex-members of Fascist Grand Council who were responsible for Mussolini's fall executed at Verona.*

1945

January 9. *U.S. troops landed in Lingayen Gulf, on island of Luzon in the Philippines.*

January 17. *Russians occupied Warsaw.*

From Rotterdam to Hiroshima

The Marvellous Development of Bombing Power

By CAPTAIN
NORMAN MACMILLAN
M.C., A.F.C.

We know now from the documents captured in Germany and produced at Nuremberg that Hitler ordered merciless measures to ensure the swift conquest of Western Europe. No doubt can possibly exist that these orders were applied against Holland. And most particularly against Rotterdam. I do not forget the bombardment of Warsaw in the previous year : but, we must remember, that bombardment accompanied the forward sweep of fast-moving ground forces and was therefore a part of a military plan of action, even if we agree that that plan was pitiless, barbaric and unforgivable.

There are three outstanding air attacks upon towns which are in a category entirely unique because all bear the same stamp of savage destruction for the purpose of quenching the fighting spirit of a people, not by attacks upon their fighting forces, nor upon the bases upon which those fighting forces immediately depended, but upon open towns wherein unarmed civilians, including men, women and children, all died. The first of these attacks was made by the Condor Legion of the Luftwaffe under Sperrle—the commander of one of the Air Fleets that later bombed Britain—against the Basque town of Guernica during the Spanish " civil " war. The second was the bombardment of Rotterdam. The third was the atomic bombardment of Hiroshima. These three attacks have one common feature : that there was virtually no defence against them.

THE Use of Atomic Bombs Followed Decision at Potsdam Conference

So far as I can observe from the reports of the evidence presented at Nuremberg, the bombardment of open cities from the air is not listed as one of the major war crimes, although Goering, the titular head of the Luftwaffe at the time of Guernica and Rotterdam, is one of the defendants. I suppose it might be difficult to list such incidents in a vast war trial, when it is known that the use of atomic bombs followed a decision taken at the Potsdam Conference, and that the Japanese disasters of Hiroshima and Nagasaki followed.

There may be some who will say why pick out these three cases when the British and American air forces smashed cities all over Germany ; why not list Berlin, Hamburg, Cologne and other places ? The answer is that the bombing of those places was conducted in accordance with a pre-determined military plan to reduce the fighting potential of the Wehrmacht. They were not, or at least very few could be called (even by the Germans) terror attacks. These places, like Warsaw, were military targets within the new and distasteful turn that modern war has developed. Although we should never forget that the burning and sacking of cities is a belligerent act almost as old as war itself ; the bomber has merely brought it up to date.

But there is a difference between air attacks on towns which constitute definite targets within a given military plan to reduce the enemy armies' ability to fight, and terror attacks against civilian populations to force a shuddering nation to accept defeat. Bearing this in mind it is wise to have some regard to the " progress " that has been made in this form of attack in recent years.

On April 26, 1937, a relative handful of German bombers attacked Guernica. First, small bombs were used to drive the Guernicians to cover. Then demolition bombs destroyed their homes within which they sheltered. Refugees were machine-gunned. Incendiary bombs completed the destruction of the little Basque town by fire. A thousand people died Here is what Baedeker, the German guide-book house, said of the place : " A small town of 3,250 inhabitants, splendidly situated on the Mundaca, was the seat of the diet of Vizcaya until the abolition of the fueros. The deputies met every two years in front of the *Casa de Juntas*, under an oak-tree. The song of the tree of Guernica (*Guernikako Arbola*), by Iparraguirri, has become the national anthem of the Basques." Later, Germany was to make other Baedeker raids—against Canterbury, Exeter, York, Norwich and Bath. Can we doubt that the Germans knew what they were doing when they attacked Guernica ? Or that the Basques had no defence ?

By nightfall on May 13, 1940, the last one of ten aircraft, all that remained by then of the 248 aircraft possessed by the Royal Netherlands Air Forces on the morning of May 10, 1940, was destroyed in a suicidal attack upon the German forces occupying the Waalhaven civil aerodrome on the outskirts of Rotterdam. But on the morning of May 14 the city of Rotterdam still held out. The Luftwaffe was called into action against this city, lying defenceless against aerial attack. Groups of 27 bombers flew over the centre of Rotterdam and bombed it mercilessly, with heavy high explosive and incendiary bombs. Not one house within the city centre stood intact, and 30,000 persons perished in half an hour. There was scarcely a soldier among them.

High over Hiroshima on August 6, 1945, flew a single Super-Fortress carrying a new type of bomb containing the isotope of the element uranium, and presumably using heavy water as a moderator. The bomb had been prepared on a coral atoll after having been brought from the United States. What was to happen was known to the " big three " —Truman, Stalin and Churchill—and to Attlee, who accompanied the then British Prime Minister to the opening of that Conference at Potsdam where the decision to use atomic power was taken, and, presumably, to Chiang Kai-shek.

SCIENTISTS Have Become Alarmed at the Power They Have Produced

A handful of men elsewhere among the militarists and scientists also knew the secret. The multitudes of the public among the United Nations on whose behalf this new power was to be unleashed did not know anything about it, because it was *not in the public interest* that they should know such things, to echo the ridiculous *cliché* which is used to justify secret diplomacy and secret weapons.

One 400-lb. atomic bomb fell from a great height, at least 25,000 feet, and its parachute opened in delay action when the bomber that had borne it was about ten miles away. From 70,000 to 120,000 persons died then and later from the fission of the uranium-235 content of that one bomb. Is it to be wondered that the scientists have become alarmed at the power they have produced and placed in the hands of the politicians ?

Let us look at the rate of progress that has been made in this method of waging war. In 1937 a village of about a quarter square mile was destroyed. In 1940 the centre of a city extending over more than one square mile was destroyed by an increased number of aircraft. In 1945 about four square miles of a city were completely destroyed by one bomber. In each case the proportion of destroyed area increases four times over the preceding case, but in the third case 16 times as much damage was achieved as in the first, with only one aircraft employed instead of two or three squadrons.

The loss of life increases in greater proportion than the material destruction from Case One to Case Two, but not between Case Two and Case Three, but would this be so if the aircraft used in the third case had been proportionate to those used in the second case ? If the number of aircraft and weight of bombs dropped had been equal in cases two and three, there can be no doubt that the proportionate loss of life would have been incalculably greater in case three.

OUTLAWING the Air Bombardment of Cities With Any Kinds of Bombs

Where is this going to end ? We find in the Nuremberg trial that the defendants are charged, not with killing civilians by air bombardment, but for breaches of the rules of war and breaches of treaties signed by them. Their offences are offences against already recognized codes of law or instruments legalized between nations under treaty. If, therefore, this bombing of open cities is to become penal in the future, it is necessary for the United Nations to draw up an instrument of agreement, which all nations will be required to sign, outlawing the air bombardment of cities with any kinds of bombs, whether carried by aircraft or in self-propelling missiles. Then those who resort to this form of warfare in future will become liable to war criminal charges.

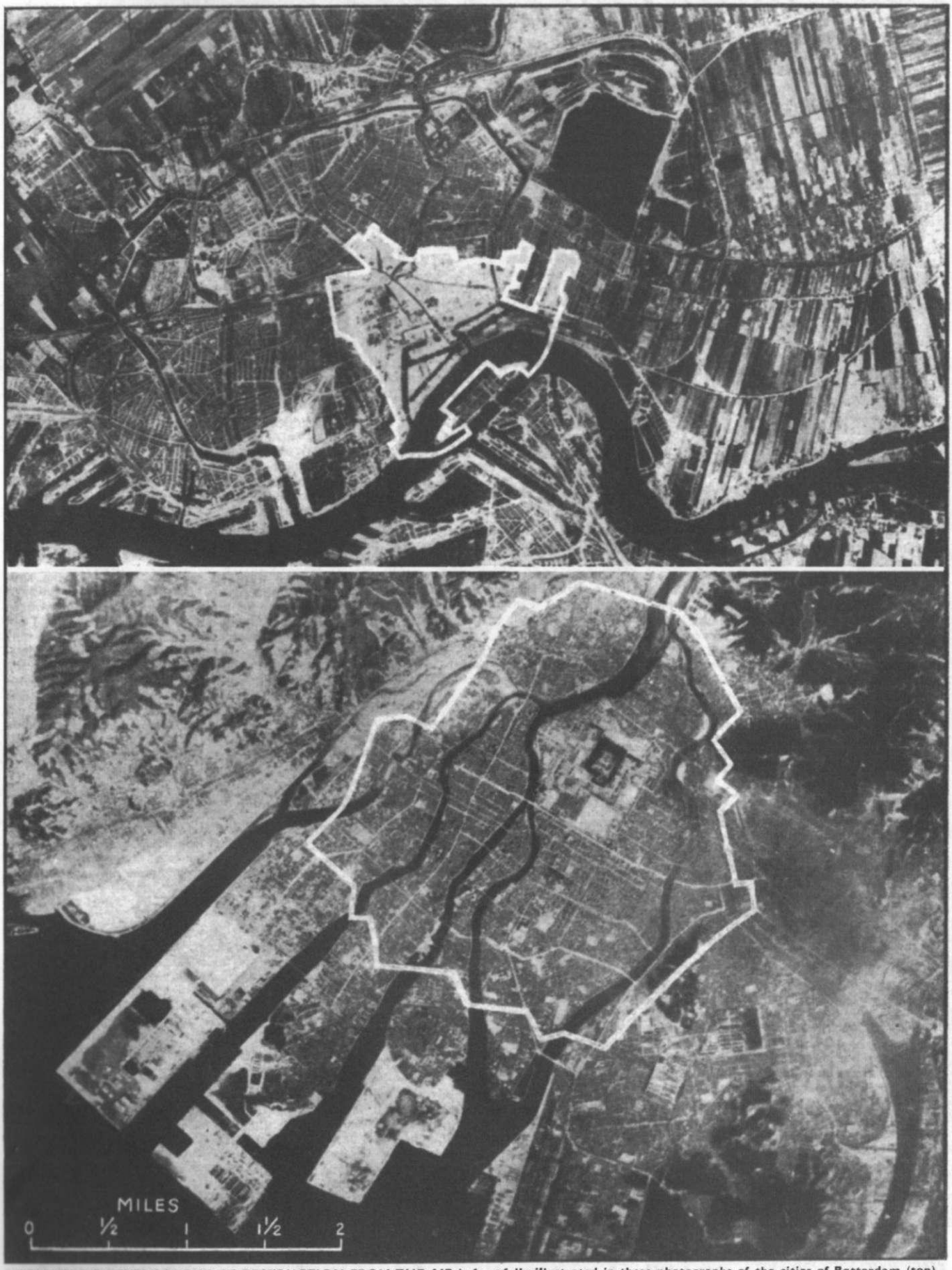
But, someone will exclaim, all cities are arsenals. If they are not attacked, war will be prolonged. That, too, I say, should be the subject of international treaty. It should be prohibited to make arms in cities ; where they are found to be so made the proscription against attacking such cities should be waived by ultimatum. But at the end of a war those found guilty of having so used cities should be charged with breach of treaty. In fact, what I say is that even if we cannot control the development of the atomic bomb as a weapon, we can limit its use by defining targets against which it must not be employed under penalty of breach of treaty and subsequent indictment for war guilt.

General Marshall has informed the world of new bombers transporting 100,000 lb. of lethal weapons to any target and returning to their operational bases, and rocket projectiles steering to their intended targets by electronic devices.

January 1, 1946, produced two significant items of news. Our Royal Navy is rushing plans to revolutionize the fleet to resist atomic warfare. A special committee to be appointed by the Admiralty Commissioners is to report in March on every branch of the Navy from recruitment and training to battle tactics ; modification in the design of future warships will also be considered. Our Home Office has circularized local authorities that careful study is being made of the effects of the most recent forms of attack ; advice on shelters and defence organization may be given later ; associations of former C.D. workers as development centres for new-type civil defence are to be encouraged.

Such things were not heard when the First Great War's end ushered in a peace that lasted uneasily, with many minor wars, for 21 years. Do current statements (remember these are usually based on accepted hypotheses) indicate the preparation of defence against an already visualized war ? Has man learned nothing from the fates of Rotterdam and Hiroshima ? Must he still pursue his age-old curse of Cain to the bitter end of self-extermination ?

Bombers' Progress in Five Years of the War



TERRIFYING DEVELOPMENT OF DESTRUCTION FROM THE AIR is forcefully illustrated in these photographs of the cities of Rotterdam (top) and Hiroshima reproduced on the same scale. Damage at Rotterdam (enclosed by white line) was caused on May 14, 1940, by two German squadrons of 27 bombers each, dropping incendiaries and 1,000-lb. H.E.s in a half-hour raid which killed 30,000. At Hiroshima, on August 6, 1945, a single 400-lb atomic bomb razed everything within the zone here demarcated (almost four times the Rotterdam area), and killed 70,000–120,000. See also facing page and pages 278 344 ; also pages 74–75. Vol. 3.

Photos, British Official, British Combine

The Editor Looks Back

THOSE 'COLUMNISTS' Oct. 28, 1939

I see that Mr. Walter Lippman, the very able author of A Preface to Morals, is described by one of his countrymen as a "columnist," which strikes me as derogatory. Yet the context of the paragraph would make Mr. Lippman seem more of a columnist than a serious student of world affairs, for he is alleged to contemplate the possibility of Britain having to surrender her fleet to Germany as an occasion for the U.S.A. to take up arms against the Dictator! Might I suggest that a far likelier event than that would be the United States surrendering their fleet to Japan? The trouble about these "columnists" is that they must write something when they fill their fountain pens—just as Hyde Park orators must say something when they open their mouths.

THE vogue of the "columnists" in American journalism has become almost a world menace. They are certainly a source of continual danger to the Anglo-American Alliance, for they are allowed to write with a freedom which is far beyond liberty, and the less they curb their foolhardy utterances the more they seem to be successful in tickling the ears of America's sensation-loving public. I do not class Walter Lippman, who is a writer of distinction and a serious student of international relationships, with the numerous columnists who think of nothing beyond finding a new sensation for each day, but I should like to know if his face is red when he re-reads, after a lapse of six incredible years, the stuff I pilloried in the above note. British readers who do not have the opportunity of seeing the columnar nonsense that gets printed in the American press (where there isn't a paper shortage) can have no idea of the extent to which all things British are misrepresented and burlesqued. It is fortunate that the leading American statesmen are little influenced by these irresponsible and ill-informed critics, and that there is a substantial number of fair-minded American newspapers who do their best to discount such misleading stuff.

ATLANTIC FLYERS Oct. 28, 1939

Because a young man had the good luck to make the first solo flight across the Atlantic—fifty-five had flown across before him, but not alone—is no reason for regarding that lucky young man as an authority on international politics, else we ought to hear what "Wrong-Way" Corrigan thinks of Hitler and world affairs. I regard Lindbergh's pronouncement on the war as a piece of gratuitous impertinence (a well-worn but appropriate phrase). And I think his fellow-countrymen, with few exceptions, will be ready to tell the presumptuous "Colonel" where he gets off. I wonder if he composed his anti-British broadcast entirely without prompting or advice? One of the most grossly over-publicised personalities of our age, he expects too much if he thinks his words must carry weight just because he once flew the Atlantic, which is today no more remarkable than swimming the Channel.

IT is worth while recalling this note if only to point out how time has erased much, if not indeed the whole, of that quick and cheap reputation for greatness which came all-too-easily to Lindbergh. His name is now more a subject for laughter than for serious consideration.

THE 'PHONEY' DAYS Nov. 4, 1939

This funny war! . . . day after day, week by week, the peoples of the world are gasping for news of it, and all that is vouchsafed to them—apart from a plentiful crop of fantastic rumour—is a daily addition or subtraction to the credit and debit of the U-boat warfare. That, and some pleasant paragraphs from the Legion of War Correspondents in France telling us that the British soldiers are having a delightful time with sing-songs in little French cabarets somewhere behind the Maginot Line, somewhere in France.

WE have learned so much more about modern war since I wrote that paragraph, that it needs a considerable effort of memory to recall the strange atmosphere of incredulity which prevailed in those early months when the iron clamp of Censorship made us uncertain what to believe and what to doubt, while rumour had a thousand tongues. Mr. Hore Belisha may some day give to the world certain information which the future historians of the War will require in their efforts to explain the "phoney" period through which we were then passing. He could have a tale unfolded of incompetence in high commands when he ceased to be War Minister, but he had to remain silent in the interests of the State. The unhappy facts are known to many, but the time has not come even now for open avowal.

GALLIC WIT Nov. 4, 1939

These Gallic wits have a way of saying a thing that eludes translation. Even so, I quote the following from Choc, the brilliant weekly edited by Mme. G. K. Guillaume, whose pages are always severely censored. "Mr. Roosevelt has spoken, in his recent discourse to Congress, of the duration of the war: 'It will be painful and of indeterminate duration' . . . We are warned. Let's arm ourselves therefore with patience and determination" It doesn't sound half so biting in English, but in French the barb strikes home.

BUT Mme. Guillaume knew no better than the world at large how inferior was the French Army as a consequence of the political rottenness of her country, and some six months later her wit had lost its point, or rather the barb had caught the thrower.

LITERARY TASTE Nov. 11, 1939

I may be wrong, but I have a fixed idea that war destroys literary taste—modern mechanical war. Thucydides could fight and write, even Socrates who, by the way, never wrote a book, was a soldier. But in those remote days war was a picnic, the Anabasis an excursion. All I can say is that I somehow don't seem to care very much today what Hazlitt thought of Shakespeare. That may be because I read everything that Hazlitt wrote so long ago. Whether I shall be eager to recapture my old literary interests after the War I just cannot guess. Meanwhile, they seem at best quite small beer compared with the clamant interests of the moment.

THAT was a mood that lasted for a very brief period. I was soon reading Shakespeare more diligently than ever and Hazlitt also, and in the six years that followed, in common with an ever-widening book-reading public, I had more delight out of literature than at any time I can remember. It is to be hoped that the unprecedented demand for books to read which was manifested during the last three or four years of the War may continue. From what the booksellers tell me, their waiting-lists for serious and scholarly books, such as Trevelyan's Social History, are getting longer every day.

MR. BUREAUCRAT Nov. 18, 1939

At the risk of seeming to harp on the subject of the thriving Bureaucracy of Britain, I must set down the information I have had from an eminent hotel proprietor. His fine establishment contains a great many bedrooms, spacious suites and splendid public rooms, and quite a number of elderly persons have made their homes there for twenty or thirty years. Enter one afternoon not long ago, Mr. British Bureaucrat. His advisory letter hadn't arrived owing to postal delay.

"I want to see the Manager," he says peremptorily. The Manager is summoned so that he may be seen. "I want you to start clearing out in fifteen minutes as I am taking over," was his greeting to that perplexed person who somewhat timidly protested, until he was informed by the bumptious official that he was evidently not aware that the hotel was required to house Government employees, who, to the extent of some thousands, were soon to invade the town. Mr. B. B. graciously extended the time for clearing out, to next morning, and one can judge of the flurry that ensued.

BELIEVE it or not, that hotel stood empty for some months before the bonnie bureaucrats came swarming into it, and it is only now in the process of derequisitioning. It had a very narrow escape in one heavy raid which destroyed other hotels in the town.

※ POSTSCRIPT ※

TURNING over the late Maurice Baring's delightful anthology, Have You Anything to Declare? the other day, I came on this astonishing quotation from Tolstoi:

> In 1799 General Tamac received a proposal from Napoleon, who wished to enter the Russian service, but they were unable to agree, as Napoleon demanded the rank of Major.

What an "If" of History that conjures up! But surely Baring (or Tolstoi) slipped up on his dates, for 1799 was the year in which Bonaparte (at the age of thirty) became First Consul. Make it 1789 and the story comes alive with speculation. But what a pity Baring did not document his quotation! There must be twenty volumes in the Collected Tolstoi, and much as I'd like to follow the story to its source I find the allotted span a trifle short.

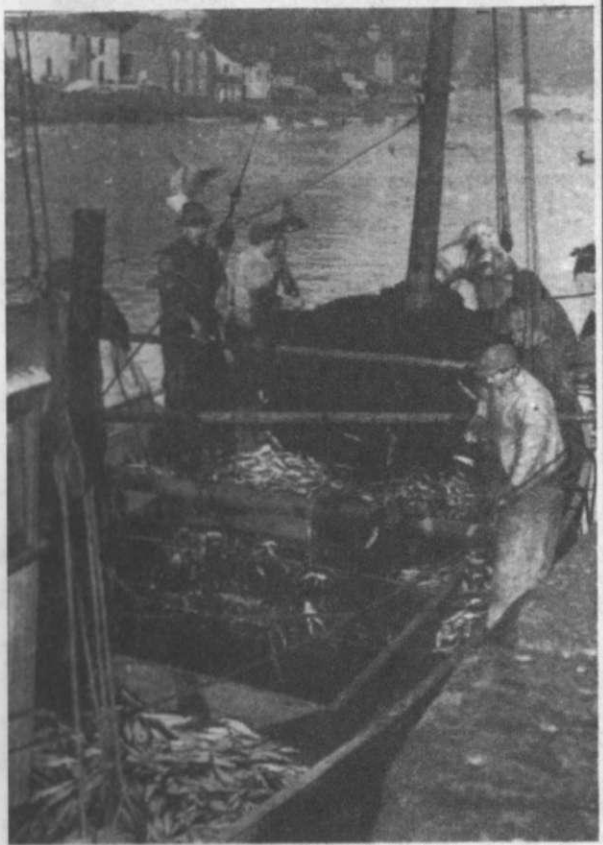
AN interesting reason has been given for the failure of a play at one of our West End theatres—that even fashionable audiences have not yet settled down to pre-war "after-dinner" hours. No doubt lack of late transport was a contributory cause of the play's failure, though I for one fail to see anything immutable about the pre-war convention of ringing up the curtain at eight-fifteen. How many of our West End theatre managers and restaurateurs are aware that seventy years ago the fashionable hour for dinner was six o'clock in the evening, and that ninety years ago our grandparents were dining at four in the afternoon?

A CURIOUS concidence befell me the other day. Over lunch at the club a noted bore thought to regale me with the newest tale "straight from the Stock Exchange," as he put it. An hour later, turning over a volume of Pope to verify a quotation, I came on the same story almost word for word. I can only say that it probably sounded funnier in Pope's day—over two centuries ago.

THOUGHT for Our Times: "Sir, your levellers wish to level down as far as themselves, but they cannot bear levelling up to themselves." As usual, Dr. Johnson said it first. It was a way of his.

In Britain Now: Worship Again Where a V1 Fell

THE GUARDS' CHAPEL, Wellington Barracks, London, all but demolished by a flying-bomb in June 1944 (see page 334, Vol. 8), has been temporarily restored, a large metal hut, capable of accommodating a congregation of up to 700, having been erected on the site of the former nave. The first service to be held there was on Christmas Day 1945, at which Lt.-Gen. Sir Charles Loyd, commanding the London district, read the lessons.



UNLOADING PILCHARDS AT LOOE, Cornish beauty spot, in support of a big drive to revive the industry, organized in late 1945 by a local ex-Serviceman, Mr. L. E. Middleton. He has constructed tankage for at least 300 lasts (a last is a measure of 10,000 pilchards), and thousands of fish are being packed for the Ministry of Food to be disposed of by U.N.R.R.A. among the starving people of Europe (see also page 566).

UNDER-SECRETARY FOR HOUSING, at a salary of £1,825 a year, is the appointment specially created by the Minister of Health for Miss Evelyn Sharp (above), as announced on December 21, 1945. Forty-two years of age, Miss Sharp was the first woman to become a principal assistant secretary at the Treasury—a post she held from 1941-1945. At the Ministry of Health, to which she was appointed in 1945, she held the position of principal assistant secretary—again the first woman to do so.

Photos, G.P.U., Keystone, Topical

Sappers Win the Last Round With 'Hermann'

THE KNOCK-OUT GIVEN after 200 days and nights, Croydon's 4,000-lb. German bomb, known to the local Surrey folk as " Hermann," was hoisted from its deep hole on December 17, 1945. Overall length approximately 18 ft., it had contained over 2,000 lb. of high explosive, which had been sterilized by steam-heating for 10 hours. Only sappers of the Royal Engineers, and police and Government officials, were admitted to the site, the steam-heating apparatus being still on the secret list. See also illus. page 565.

Photo, Topical Press

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